CRITIC CREST
1935

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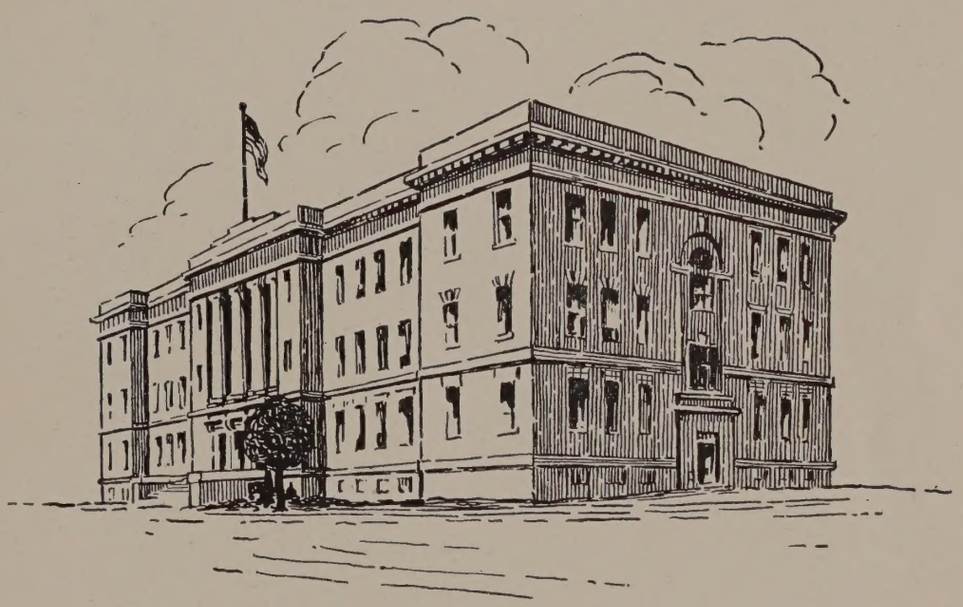
The Critic-Crest

Senior Issue of The Critic



The E. C. Glass High School

Lynchburg, Virginia

1935

LESLIE HALL McCUE

To

THE MAN

WHO BY CONSISTENT ENDEAVOR

HAS ESTABLISHED THE STANDARDS

OF THE E. C. GLASS ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

ON A PLANE OF WHICH WE ARE

JUSTLY PROUD

WE FONDLY DEDICATE

THIS EDITION OF THE "CRITIC-CREST"

At the Aquarium

"Serene the silver fishes glide,
Stern-lipped, and pale, and wonder-eyed!
As through the aged deeps of ocean,
They glide with wan and wavy motion!
They have no pathway where they go.
They flow like water to and fro.
They watch with never-winking eyes,
They watch with staring, cold surprise,
The level people in the air,
The people peering, peering there:
Who wander also to and fro;
And know not why or where they go,
Yet have a wonder in their eyes,
Sometimes a pale and cold surprise."

—Max Eastman

by Butler

Alma Mater

Each fall, when leaves in brilliant hues
Dance against your dull, red walls,
Reluctant feet have drawn us near
To answer your compelling calls;
On winter days your friendly warmth
Has held us close within your doors;
But spring time brought the urge to go
The carefree happy way youth soars—

Yet now this year, we long to stay:
We fear to tread an unknown way.

Seniors

Swift is the Flight

Swift is the flight of youth—a sudden sweep
Of wind, a wave against an endless shore
Recedes into itself, is seen no more,
An impulse in a vast and changeless deep.
Into this surging sea of life, youth came,
Radiant, with candid eyes aglow,
Unscarred in mind and soul he did not know
Of guilt, of sorrow, no, nor even shame.
Now, may the Hand that cherishes or mars,
That gives the hopes, the traits that shape to grow
Youth's probity of soul, to each bestow
Strength to surmount ambition's sternest bars;
For, youth, aspiring, ever strives. Although
Blinded by sophistry, he gropes for stars.

—Audrey N. Long,
Class Poet

Chapter 1

YOUNG Sam Sucker poked his head through the mud and yawned widely. He was mildly surprised to see a few energetic fish swimming by with clean handkerchiefs in their pockets and slick brown books under their fins, but he was too sleepy to do anything about it. Just as he was dozing off again his mother shook him by the gill and handed him a clam shell. "Hurry!" she said, "You'll be late for school." Giving his fins a preliminary flip, he slid cautiously into the stream. Fish were swimming about excitedly. He caught glimpses of his acquaintances—lazy suckers, snoopy little catfish, ubiquitous tadpoles, and an inky squid or two. Sam didn't want to start to school; he did it because he was told that it was proper.

As time went on, Sam was swept into deeper water. Gradually he and his companions became accustomed to the increasing swiftness of the current. Those whose work conformed to instructions and who talked at the proper time and were quiet at the proper time were praised; and those who did no work at all and exchanged clam shells, chewed fishing worms, and blew bubbles were caught on snags or stranded on sandbars. Sam, who was neither good nor bad, drifted downstream.

He did notice that the river was becoming broader. He was just a normal fish. He believed everything everybody told him, wept when he was reprimanded, beamed when someone patted his fin casually, did from force of habit everything he was told, and took the blame for the other fishes' errors. Sam had no aspirations—no regrets. Sam was a Sucker.

One day Sam, in a reckless mood, swam above the level usually occupied by suckers. Climbing up as far as the surface of the water, he poked his head through. The broadness of the opaque river, the green of the trees on the shore, and the ineffable blue of the sky dazzled him. Above the river wheeled a silver gull—a sure sign of the proximity of the ocean, if Sam had only known. Sam was overcome with emotion. How he longed to be in the gull's place—to see the river as a whole. He wanted to be above the petty affairs of his little world; to look down instead of being looked down upon. Sam, for the first time, had Aspirations—and it didn't feel good. It never occurred to him that the gull might be envying *him*. Who is a sucker, that he should dream? Sam was afraid, and he dived home.

For a while his mind retained a vivid image of the gull against the sky. He felt superior to the ordinary fish and seldom condescended to speak to them. As the days wore on, however, the image faded, and Sam drifted back into his old, slack methods of living.

As the fish neared what Sam guessed to be the mouth of the river, they were not allowed to talk in the corridors, they must observe traffic rules (keep to the

right and signify their intention to turn a corner), form orderly lines at the drinking fountains, hang their coats on specified hooks, hold their handkerchiefs over their noses when sneezing, wash their fins before entering the library, and above all, use a tray in the cafeteria.

Sam's sojourn here was brief. Soon, as an obscure member of a large group of fish, he was given some sound advice and bundled off. His destination didn't worry Sam much. He simply followed the crowd. He was pondering on this when he looked up and saw before him a coral castle, beautiful against the wavy green background of the ocean. Sam stared, his mouth open and his fins moving absently. As he heard the swish of the seaweed at his feet, and felt the cool water at his gills, he had a mental picture of a silver gull, soaring. Sam's mind was so far away that he didn't see his companions entering one of the three large doors in the castle, chattering about commonplace things.

His reverie was interrupted by a down-to-earth voice at his elbow. "Hi, littlest. Better shut your mouth, or somebody'll look down and see your tonsils."

"Yes'm," Sam gulped, adjusting his face and turning to see a neat, gray lady-fish by his side. "I was only—that is, I wonder—."

"Oh, you'll catch on," said the fish consolingly. "Everybody does. This," she announced, "is the Glass Aquarium, and *I* am Carrie Catfish." She tucked her fin in Sam's and led him up the steps. She was adept at dodging the eels and crayfish that lounged about, but Sam was tripped up several times.

"You've got a lot to learn yet," she told him. "Why, you don't even know Mrs. Gregory!"

"Mrs. Gregory?" asked Sam, because he thought it was his turn to say something.

"Oh, she's the dowager queen of the hermit crabs. They're not a bad lot, after you get used to 'em. 'Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and others have greatness thrust upon them.' You can use that if you ever have to make a speech. Mrs. Gregory doesn't care."

Sam wanted to stop and take his bearings, but Carrie hurried him into the lobby. "Always wear green shirts and blue ties," she told him, "and keep your socks down. It's a tradition. Looks funny, but you kind of get used to it.

"By the way—if you hear anything unusual, don't look around. It's Everett. They say he's harmless, but you never can tell."

"Everett—who's Everett?"

"Everett," she informed him solemnly, "keeps time."

"To what?"

"Time! time! You know—chewing gum, sixty minutes; late to class, thirty minutes.—Wait! if you want to know what time is, pull that chain on that post, twice." She giggled, and because Sam always did what he was told, and because he was really interested in time, he pulled the chain—hard. He was rewarded by

WATKINS PROCTOR HARVEY

For our honorable Senior President
(Proc Harvey is his name)
We all predict in future time
Wealth, happiness, and fame.

National Honor Society; President Senior Class; President Junior Class; President Sophomore Class; Senior Representative Honor League; Junior Representative Honor League; Monogram Club; Varsity Tennis; Basketball; Cheer Leader; Chemistry Club; Athletic Association; French Club '32, '33; Student Advisory Council; *High Times* Staff; *Critic-Crest* Staff; Treasurer Hi-Y Club '34; Cafeteria Assistant '35; Senior Banquet Committee; Senior Council.

EUNICE PAULINE MARTIN

Little "Peg" knows just gobs;
Nevertheless she goes with Hobbs.

National Honor Society; Athletic Association; Senior Play; Be Square Club; Monogram Club; Honor League; Senior Council; Student Advisory Council; Library Council; Senior Banquet Committee; Vice President Senior Class; Basketball; Commencement Committee Chairman; Latin Tournament; Dramatic Club; French Club; Tennis.

CHLOE VIRGINIA WALDRON

She likes music, old and new;
And besides can sing it too;
But typing is her specialty,
Our senior secretary, she.

National Honor Society; Secretary Senior Class; Commerical Club; Girls' Glee Club; Honor League Representative; Athletic Association; Cafeteria Typist; O. G. A.; Be Square Club; Office Assistant.

SEPTIMUS STEVEN BOOTH

Sept means seven, but Booth rates higher;
He's on the spot when our needs are dire.

Treasurer Senior Class; Secretary Honor League; Business Manager Athletic Association '34-'35; Commercial Club; Cafeteria Accountant; Cafeteria Cashier, Captain '34-'35; Monogram Club; Cafeteria Teller '35; Supervisor Athletic Association Typists '34; Athletic Association.

AUDREY NIELSEN LONG

Long have we known her,
Long, long will we love her,
Yet the depth of her bewitching charm
We never can discover.

Poetry Editor *Critic;* Magic Mirror Editor *Critic; Critic-Crest* Staff; Senior Representative; Treasurer Quill and Scroll; Publications Committee; Student Advisory Council; President Periwinkle Poetry Club; French Club; Music Club; Athletic Association; Honor League; Cafeteria; Class Poet.

THOMAS FREDERICK FARRAR

There works the editor, worn and slim,
Pasting a dummy, neat and trim.
Pity him not, though his lot seem grim—
Andy and Jones will wait for him.

National Honor Society; Library Council; Athletic Association; German Club; Student Advisory Council; Editor *Critic, Critic-Crest* '34, '35; Junior Editor *Critic* '33; S. I. P. A. Delegate; Quill and Scroll; Board of Publications.

JOHN WHITE ACREE

A handsome captain is our Chick,
Of scores of girls he has his pick.

President National Honor Society; Captain Football Team; President Honor League; President Monogram Club; Sergeant-at-Arms French Club; Chemistry Club; Hi-Y Club; Student Advisory Council; Cafeteria Assistant; President Athletic Association; Recipient of Rucker Memorial Cup; Sophomore Representative.

LIZA MASSIE ADAMS

Liza is gay we all agree,
And just as cute as she can be;
Her heart is not with us, we grieve,
It is forever with her Steve.

High School Art League; *High Times* Business Staff; *Critic* Business Staff; *Critic-Crest* Staff; Athletic Association; French Club; Spanish Club; Honor League; Library Council; Girls' High School Club.

LAURA ESTELLE AGEE

This lovely siren wins renown;
The god of music stars her crown.

National Honor Society; Athletic Association; Honor League; Music Chairman Be Square Club; Senior Banquet Committee; Girls' Glee Club.

GARNETT CELESTE ANDERSON

Garnett likes to laugh and play,
Studies don't entice her;
Though we think our studies nice,
We think Garnett nicer.

Athletic Association; Honor League; Be Square Club; French Club; Dramatic Club; C# Club; Tennis.

BENNETT BAILEY

Bennett leads his "dozen daily."
Haven't you guessed we mean B. Bailey?

French Club; Library Council; Library Staff; Athletic Association; Honor League.

ETHEL PEARL BALLAGH

We'd walk a mile for Ethel's smile,
And know we'd done a thing worth while.

Athletic Association; Spanish Club; Honor League; Library Council.

VIRGINIA CAROLYN BALLOWE

Little girl, Ballowe,
Blow your horn;
To rival you,
We must rise at dawn.

Athletic Association: Honor League: Library Council; Chemistry Club; C# Club; Be Square Club. Elon High School: President and Secretary Literary Society; Captain Basketball; President 4-H Club; President Social Society.

JACK C. BASHAM

Jack is too well known, we fear,
For us to introduce him here.

Track Manager; Honor League; Monogram Club; Hi-Y Club; Athletic Association; Spanish Club.

KATHARINE BAUMGARDNER

A princess from a fairy tale
Would find her beauty growing pale
If she were compared with you,
For you are excelled by few.

Girls' High School Club; Athletic Association; Library Council; Honor League.

CHARLES LEWIS BEARD, JR.

Charlie can sing,
We all know about him;
Our high school operetta
Could not do without him.

Spanish Club; Honor League; Athletic Association; Chemistry Club; Boys' Glee Club; Basketball; Student Advisory Council; C# Club.

LOUISE RACHEL BEARD

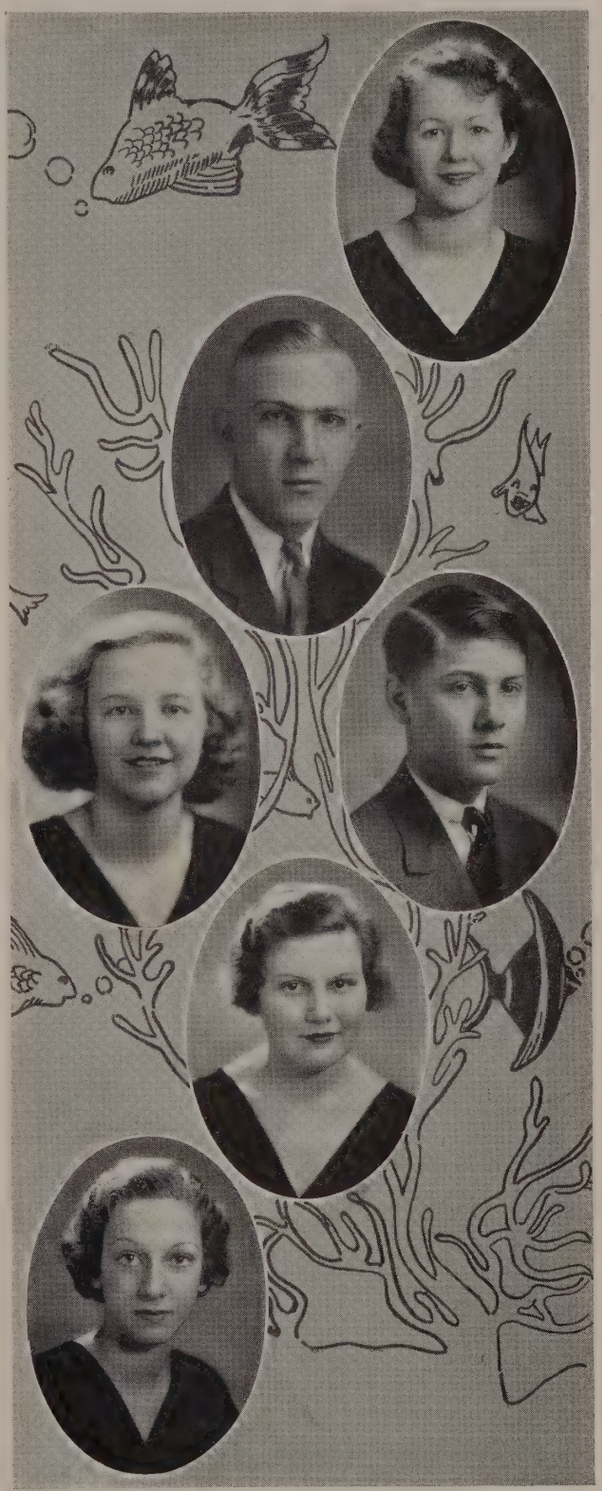
What eyes, what hair, what a complexion!
In fact, Louise is near perfection.

Honor League; Be Square Club; Athletic Association; Spanish Club.

KATHERINE MUNRO BECK

Artistic, poetic, this beautiful girl
Just passing by sets our hearts all awhirl.

Critic Staff; Athletic Association; Honor League; Be Square Club.



GEORGE EDWARD BELL, Jr.

Winning smile and hair of red—
What thoughts rest in your knowing head?

French Club; Honor League; Athletic Association.

PHYLLIS MARIE BELL

The tone is sweet,
Compelling, too:
We know this Bell
Always rings true!

Honor League; Be Square Club; Chemistry Club; French Club; *High Times* Staff; Athletic Association; Swimming.

CARLTON EUGHLEIGH BENTLEY

"And still we gaze, and still our wonder grows
That one small head can carry all he knows."

Student Advisory Council; Honor League; Athletic Association; Library Council; Commercial Club.

RICHARD NATHAN BERRY, Jr.

Bone and muscle,
Curly hair and all,
Our friend, Dick Berry,
Can sho play ball.

Chemistry Club; Commercial Club; Athletic Association; Monogram Club; Library Council; Honor League; Football, Varsity '34; Captain Basketball; Track.

CHARLES P. BLUNT, III

Buddy Blunt has left our town;
But he's no steady roamer,
For he's come back to E. C. Glass
To get his High diploma.

Library Council; Track; Chemistry Club; Sergeant-at-Arms and President French Club; Stamp Club; Representative Honor League; Athletic Association.

RACHEL BROWN BOOTH

Our fair-haired Rachel,
As quick as you please,
Took basketball honors
With inspiring ease.

Honor League; Secretary Athletic Association; Varsity Basketball; Volley Ball; Tennis; Baseball; Hiking; Monogram Club; Chemistry Club; Be Square Club; Girls' Glee Club; Library Staff; Cafeteria Assistant.

ANN MARIE BOWEN

Like the daring young man on the flying trapeze
Who floats through the air as cool as you please,
So Ann Marie Bowen will gather degrees
With that same effortless, nonchalant ease.

National Honor Society; Student Advisory Council; Quill and Scroll; David Garrick Players; *Critic*, Assistant Literary Editor; *Critic-Crest*, Associate Editor; Athletic Association; Commencement Speaker; Tennis; Basketball; Volley Ball; Swimming; Honor League; Senior Council; Secretary-Treasurer Art League; Girls' High School Club.

RUTH COBB BOWLES

Everything charming a girl can be,
Rolled into one, is Ruth to a tee.

Art Club; Honor League; Athletic Association; Girls' High School Club; *Critic* Staff; *Critic-Crest* Staff.

HOWARD L. BOWLING

A whale of a man
In our Hall of Fame;
You may count on Howard,
He's always the same.

Athletic Association; Commercial Club.

HELEN BROOKS

Beautiful, yes—but dumb, oh no!
She heads an Isley math class, so
That's proof enough for you and me—
There's nothing else we need to see.

Athletic Association; President Spanish Club; Honor League; Student Advisory Council; Library Council; Honor Representative; Chemistry Club; Girls' High School Club.

MARY HENRIETTA BRYAN

We used to call her "Hippo";
But she's a Senior now,
So Henrietta is her name—
To dignity we bow.

Girls' Glee Club; Athletic Association; Basketball; Honor League; Be Square Club.

MARY JANE BURKS

Was there ever a girl like Mary Jane
From here to the wide world's end?
With a laugh and a smile she can all the while
Make everyone her friend.

Be Square Club; *High Times* Staff; Athletic Association; Honor League; Spanish Club.

MARY LENWOOD BURNETT

Her dancing, brown eyes, full of mischief,
Her laughter, infectious as May,
Are but mere hints of her beauty;
In fact, she has "It" we should say.

Honor League; Athletic Association; Library Council.

WILMA GARNETT BURTON

This charming damsel helps us look
When we can't find a wanted book.

Commercial Club; Be Square Club; Library Council.

CHARLES REDDEN BUTLER, JR.

A poet he aspires to be;
But when all inspirations flee,
He then turns to photographee!

Art Club; German Club; Advertising Manager *Critic; Critic-Crest* Staff; Library Representative; Athletic Association; *High Times* Advertising Staff; *Critic-Crest* Photographer; Track.

CHARLIE CAGAN

We find that Charlie's weapons of defense
Are quietness and smartness, with much common sense.

Honor League; Athletic Association; Commercial Club; *High Times, Critic,* and Cafeteria Typist.

ANN WILLING CALDWELL

"She walks in beauty like the night";
The radiance of her face so bright
Makes all the stars seem very dim,
Especially to one certain him.

David Garrick Players; *High Times; Critic,* Exchange Editor; *Critic-Crest;* Athletic Association; French Club; Honor League; Library Council; Secretary Chemistry Club; Social Chairman Girls' High School Club.

ALICE ESLA CALHOUN

Esla has friends,
Many friends indeed;
For Miss Calhoun
Is a friend in need.

Spanish Club; Chemistry Club; Honor League; Athletic Association.

JANICE KATHERINE CAMPBELL

We've a thought, now to address it
And to adequately express it:
We like Janice—did you guess it?

National Honor Society; French Club; Library Council; Girls' Glee Club; Athletic Association; Honor League; Girls' High School Club; Chemistry Club; Student Advisory Council.

ROCHESTER ALEXANDER CANDLER

Tall and handsome
This black-haired lad;
When he smiles at the girls
It makes them glad.

Athletic Association; Spanish Club.

PHYLLIS CHAMBERS

Blonde and darling
Lively, witty—
She's material
For a ditty.

National Honor Society; *High Times;* Basketball; Honor League; Spanish Club; Girls' High School Club; Chemistry Club; Swimming; Athletic Association.

SYBEL FRANCES CHEATHAM

Brightness like a sunbeam
New fallen from the sky.
Ah! now we see the reason—
Sybel's passing by.

Commercial Club; Be Square Club; Honor League; Athletic Association; Basketball.

GLADYS VIRGINIA CHICK

Gladys helps them in the office,
On her you can rely;
She's really so efficient
She'll be famous by and by.

National Honor Society; Athletic Association; Honor League; Library Council; Be Square Club; Girls' High School Club; Tennis; Basketball; Glee Club; French Club.

ALMA TILGHMAN COBBS

Math won't work
In Alma's presence;
Is it because
She's distracted by "Pleasants"?

David Garrack Players; French Club; Tennis; *High Times* Staff; Basketball; Athletic Association; Honor League; *Critic* Staff; Girls' High School Club.

Luck to ya!
Simp

CYNTHIA CARTER COBBS

Everything here goes to the "Dickens,"
But at Georgia Tech she has her pickens.

National Honor Society; Girls' High School Club; Honor League; Athletic Association; Assistant Literary and Bookshelf Editor *Critic; Critic-Crest;* Chemistry Club; President French Club '35; Basketball Captain '32-'33; Volley Ball; Tennis; Monogram Club; Senior Banquet Committee; *High Times* Business Staff.

MARY LULA COLEMAN

She combines good looks with a swell disposition
Which has not been spoiled by malnutrition.

Treasurer Be Square Club '35; Tennis; Athletic Association; Honor League; Spanish Club.

CHARLES ROSS COVINGTON

Handsome lad—tall and dark,
Always ready for a lark.

Spanish Club; Athletic Association; Honor League.

ANN GRANVILLE CRADDOCK

A friend on whom we can rely.
What is her interest at V. P. I.?

Assistant Advertising Manager *High Times* '34; *Critic* Staff; Athletic Association; Vice President French Club '33-'34; Honor League; Secretary and Treasurer French Club '35; *Critic-Crest* Staff; C# Club; Costume Manager Senior Play.

FRANCES ANNE CRAGHEAD

Long dark curls and a winning air
Characterize this goddess fair.

National Honor Society; Girls' High School Club; German Club; David Garrick Players; Honor League; League of Nations Contest; State Dramatic Contest '34; Feature Editor and Proof Reader *High Times;* Athletic Association; Quill and Scroll.

NANCY HUTTER CRAIGHILL

Our gorgeous Nancy,
The gentlemen's fancy!

National Honor Society; Basketball; *Critic;* President Student Advisory Council '34; Chemistry Club; High School Art League; French Club.

MARGARET LOUISE CRIST

Fast as lightning on the keys—
Quicker still her chatter falls,
But for speed you read about
You should see her in the halls.

National Honor Society; Head Typist *Critic;* Be Square Club; Athletic Association; Cafeteria Typist; Honor League.

MARY JANE CROWELL

Mary Jane, you're sure to find,
Is amiable and true;
She harangues the Girls' High School Club,
But quits when she is through.

National Honor Society; *Critic; Critic-Crest;* Spanish Club; Library Council; President Girls' High School Club; Senior Banquet Committee; Athletic Association; Honor League.

LILLIAN THELMA DANIEL

Athletic "Lil,"
Dark and gay,
Gives us a thrill,
When she comes our way.

Athletic Association; Girls' Glee Club; Be Square Club; Honor League; Basketball.

WILLIAM A. DAVIS

According to some, our Willie
Is a studious boy, not silly,
But those who know him best
Find he's splendid at a jest,
This charming young person named Willie.

Student Advisory Council; Athletic Association; Honor League.

EDWARD L. EMBREE

Twinkle, twinkle little star.
We know that you will travel far.
Up above the world so high
We'll see our Edward in the sky.

Debating Team; French Club; *High Times;* Student Advisory Council; Senior Council; Chemistry Club; Senior Play; Honor League; Athletic Association; Hi-Y Club.

ELIZABETH YANCEY EVANS

"Fruit basket turn over," they all cried out,
When Elizabeth went to the party.
But Liz just sat and held her own,
For she knew her Berries, the smartie!

Girls' High School Club; Spanish Club; Athletic Association; Honor League.

RAYMOND H. EVANS

He loves all sports,
But baseball's the game
At which our Raymond
Prefers to win fame.

Athletic Association; Library Council; Honor League.

ROBERT STOKES FERRELL

Sir Robert from the country
To school does travel daily,
And if he finds the lesson hard,
He banishes it gayly.

Chemistry Club; Athletic Association; Honor League; Spanish Club.

MARGUERITE VIRGINIA FINCH

She's modest as a violet,
So demure and shy,
But you'll find out she's charming
As the days go by.

Art Club, Second Commercial Adviser of Art Club; Commercial Club; Secretary Be Square Club '35; Advisory Council; Athletic Association.

EDWINA MERTINE FOX

Edwina is a mermaid
Whom all the boys do seek;
But she has eyes for only one,
And he's our friend, the Freak.

Critic-Crest Staff '35; Athletic Association; Honor League; Chemistry Club; Girls' High School Club; Girls' Glee Club.

DOROTHY BELLE FRALIN

We'll all remember little Dot,
A merry, laughing, sunny tot,
Whose smile would brighten the darkest spot.

Athletic Association; Girls' High School Club; Honor League; Treasurer German Club '35.

CATHLEEN CARTER GLASS

From the honorable house of Glass
We have our darling Cat;
She flashes everyone a smile,
Now what could be better than that?

Athletic Association; *High Times* Staff; Girls' High School Club; Honor League; Chemistry Club.

JOHN L. GODING

Rattle, thump, clinkety, clink,
In the till he puts our chink;
The cafeteria's right hand man
Always does the best he can.

Commercial Club; Athletic Association; Honor League; Cashier Cafeteria.

JOHN WILLIAM GOFF

Jack Goff is not too fat,
Nor yet is he too lean,
And so you see just how it is
He's a happy in-between.

Commercial Club; Athletic Association; *High Times* Typist; Library Staff.

RICHARD M. GOFF

Dark brown eyes and a twisted smile,
And a pleasant, quiet way.
What big thoughts must stay in your mind,
Since you have so little to say.

Commercial Club; Athletic Association; Honor League.

PAUL GILLESPIE GRAVES

Always in mischief, yet ready to lend
A helping hand—he's a worthwhile friend

German Club; Boys' Glee Club; *Critic* Staff; Athletic Association; Honor League; Vice President Junior Class '34; Hi-Y.

WARREN MARVIN HACKETT

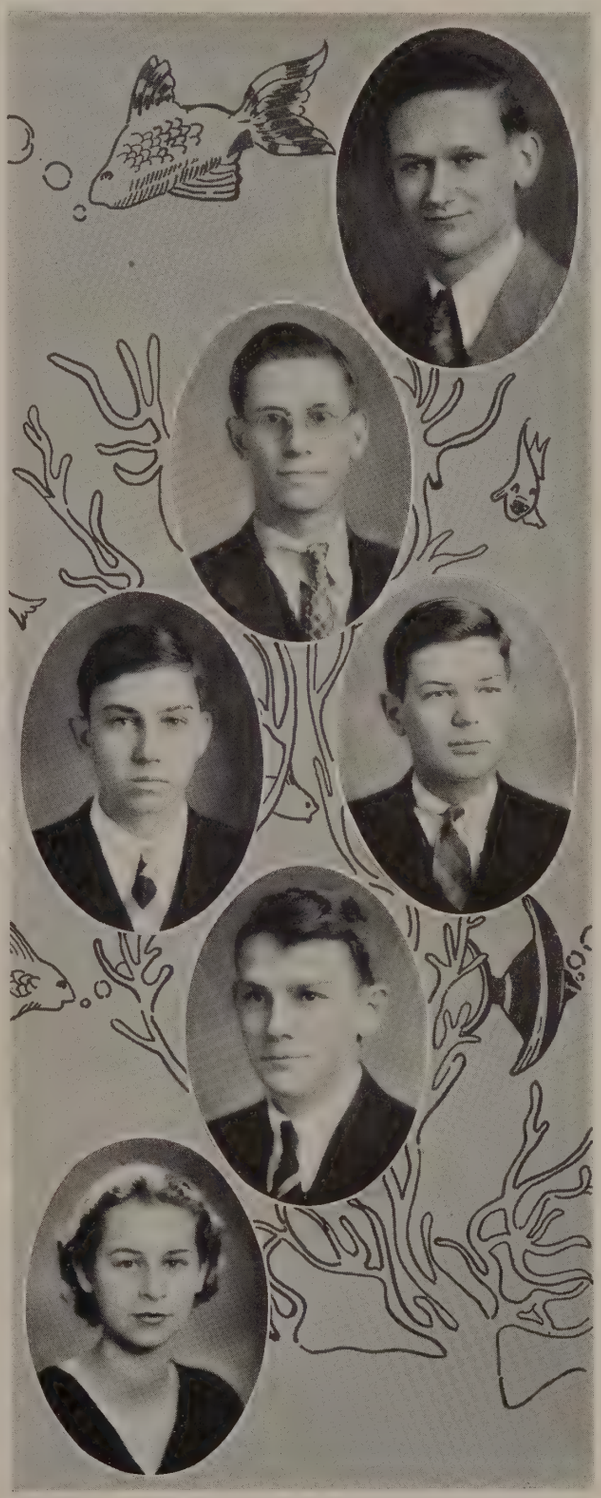
Warren is our Romeo—
All the girls agree 'tis so;
But alas, he has not yet
Settled on his Juliet.

Athletic Association; Honor League; Spanish Club.

ELIZABETH LEE HALEY

Grecian maidens playing ball
Come back to us in "Libba";
She has a line that makes us say,
"Can 'Libba' be a 'fibba'?"

David Garrick Players; Honor League; Athletic Association; Girls' High School Club; Tennis; Basketball.



CHARLOTTE VIRGINIA HALL

Charlotte is a pretty girl
With wavy hair and pleasant eye;
All of us are fond of her—
Need you ask the reason why?

Be Square Club; Girls' Glee Club; *High Times;* Athletic Association; Honor League; French Club; Basketball; Art League.

DOROTHY LEE HAMILTON

Industrious Dot,
So fair and kind;
A better student
You cannot find.

Library Council; Athletic Association; Chemistry Club; Honor League; Spanish Club; Girls' Glee Club; Girls' High School Club.

RICHARD JEWELL HAMMERSTROM

Not over serious,
Not too gay,
But a rare good fellow
In every way.

Treasurer National Honor Society; Chemistry Club; Treasurer Athletic Association; Hi-Y Club; Basketball; Football; Monogram Club; Band; Orchestra; President German Club; Honor League; Student Advisory Council; Cafeteria Assistant.

HAZEL CATHERINE HANEL

Catherine pounds the keyboard
In such a dextrous way,
That 'twixt office and Hi-Times work,
She's at it all the day.

National Honor Society; Secretary Commercial Club; Girls' Glee Club; Student Advisory Council; O. G. A.; Office Assistant; Athletic Association; Honor League; Cafeteria Typist; Senior Representative.

VIRGINIA LAREW HARMAN

Reliable and loyal
In work and friendships, too,
The "Critic" knows Virginia's worth
When there're real jobs to do.

National Honor Society; Athletic Association; Honor League; Corresponding Secretary Girls' High School Club; Secretary German Club; *Critic; Critic-Crest.*

PEYTON WESLEY HARRIS

Peyton set a typing record—
They have yet to whip it;
Now, when Peyton makes an error,
He says, blithely, "Skip it"!

Vice President Spanish Club; Library Representative; Athletic Association; Honor League; Dramatic Club; Student Advisory Council.

MAE BERKELEY HAWKINS

Inspiration for a poet,
Beauty to the nth degree,
A way to fame? She'll surely win it;
An up-and-coming girl is she.

Secretary David Garrick Players '34, '35; Special Editor *High Times;* Athletic Association; Senior Play; Honor League; Be Square Club; Glee Club.

ELLA CORLING HEARD

Taking stock of Ella Heard,
We find it's every bit "preferred,"
So he who wins our charming Ella
May count himself a lucky fella.

Culpeper High School: Property Manager Dramatic Club; Hi-Y Club; Secretary Glee Club; Athletic Association; Honor League.

ALICE LORRAINE HERNCALL

Alice is a bright girl,
And does just what she oughter;
Every time I look at her
She's cuter than I thought 'er.

Secretary National Honor Society; *Critic* Head Typist; *Critic-Crest;* Athletic Association; Be Square Club; Honor League; Cafeteria Typist; Vice President Commerical Club; Student Advisory Council; Glee Club; Vice President C# Club '35.

HILDA VIRGINIA HIGGINBOTHAM

Alma Mater can't do without her;
In fact we can't say 'nuff about her,
For her good points are so abounding
She's a joy to all surrounding.

Honor League; Athletic Association; Girls' Glee Club; Spanish Club.

ELEANOR BOURNE HILL

She reminds one of a stately queen
With beauty, brains, and charm serene.

Athletic Association; Be Square Club; Library Staff.

RALPH MARTIN HILL

Always so happy and smilingly gay,
He's pleasant to meet on a rainy day.

Honor League; Athletic Association.

DORIS PORTER HILLSMAN

Not just a Dot on the horizon
But she's an antidote for pizon.

Athletic Association; Be Square Club; Honor League; Library Council; Cafeteria Assistant; Glee Club.

MARY ELEANOR HILLSMAN

She jumps up, and we all cheer;
Coach Funk smiles and says, "Don't fear—
We'll see the best game of the year
When all the team her yells do hear."

Cheer Leader; French Club '35; Athletic Association; Alumni Editor *High Times* '33; Monogram Club; Library Council; Honor League; Publicity Chairman Be Square Club '34, '35; High School Art League; Swimming; Basketball; Volley Ball.

T. GIBSON HOBBS, JR.

Hobbs, Hobbs the tennis terror!
Drives 'em hard with not an error.

Critic Advertising Manager '34, '35; *Critic-Crest* '35; President Hi-Y '34, '35; Vice President Hi-Y '33, '34; Athletic Association; Basketball; Track; Tennis; French Club; Senior Council; Student Advisory Council; President Chemistry Club; Treasurer 3B Class; Honor League.

WILLIE E. HODGES

Happy go lucky,
Careless and free,
Nothing there is
That worries me.

Spanish Club; Honor League; Athletic Association; Chemistry Club; Boys' Glee Club; Library Council; Football Squad; Student Advisory Council '33; C# Club.

LOUISE TASSABELL HOLLAND

Of all our high school beauties
The sweetest little sprite
Is dainty Louise Holland,
Who does everything just right.

Athletic Association; Honor League; Commercial Club; Be Square Club; Basketball.

WILLIAM S. HOOTEN

Do we like Hooten?
You're darn tooten!

Athletic Association; Football; Honor League; Chemistry Club.

KATHLEEN VIRGINIA HUDSON

What a figure, what a gal!
All the boys want to be her pal.

Athletic Asociation; Spanish Club, Social Chairman; Honor League; Be Square Club, Music Chairman, '33, President, '34, Program and Social Chairman '35; High School Art League.

GEORGE TAYLOR HUGHES

You'd think him shy, but he's a ladies' man,
Picks and chooses wherever he can.

Hi-Y; Athletic Association; Honor League; Student Advisory Council.

CARY AMBLER HUTTER

Cary Hutter
Does not stutter
Until he sees
His favorite she's.

Honor League; Spanish Club; *Critic;* Athletic Association; Basketball; Football Manager '34; Hi-Y; David Garrick Players; Monogram Club.

HILDA SUSAN JACOBS

We darsn't call her timid,
For truly, we're been told,
Despite her shy demeanor,
She's really very bold.

Critic; Athletic Association; Basketball; Honor League; Commercial Club; Library Council; Glee Club; C# Club.

FRANCES BISHOP JEFFERSON

A butterfly they call her,
And why, you can easily tell—
Frances is smart in dress and school;
All things this girl does well.

National Honor Society; *High Times;* Athletic Association; Spanish Club; Honor League; Library Council; Girls' High School Club, Treasurer '35; Senior Representative; Girl Reserve; Hi-Y Play.

FLOYD CLARK JENNINGS, JR.

Floyd helps Miss Craighill out
With never, never a single pout.
He works late in the afternoon;
He's leaving school all too soon.

Athletic Association; Library Council; Honor League; Spanish Club.

Floyd Jennings

CHARLES JONES, Jr.

He focuses the camera,
Is careful not to shade us,
And then we eagerly await,
To see what Charles has made us.

Managing Editor *High Times* '35; *Critic-Crest* Staff; Chemistry Club; C# Club; Honor League; Athletic Association.

COURTLAND J. JONES

All's fair in love and W'augh!

Honor League; Athletic Association; Orchestra; Track; High School Art League; Spanish Club; Chemistry Club.

MARTIN CUNNINGHAM JONES

We've never seen a genius;
We've always hoped to see one,
But if we're not mistaken
Martin will surely be one.

Athletic Association; Library Council.

NANCY ROYSTON JONES

Sweet and petite,
An outdoor lass,
She has what we envy,
Just lots of class.

Athletic Association; Honor League; Chemistry Club; Girls' High School Club; Swimming; French Club.

SALLY CLARK JONES

Once "Sally in Our Alley"
W'as sung by one and all;
Now its "Sally in our High School,"
Sung up and down the hall.

Be Square Club; Girls' High School Club; Athletic Association; Honor League; Art Club.

VIRGINIA ELIZABETH JORDAN

Snappy with the basketball,
Quick in everything she tries,
Brunette Ginny does her best
'Mid our lusty cheers and cries.

National Honor Society; Honor League; Athletic Association; Chemistry Club; Spanish Club; Secretary Monogram Club; Be Square Club; Library Staff; Cafeteria Assistant; Basketball; Volley Ball; Swimming; Tennis.

ROBERT WALKER KASH

We credit Kash with lots of sense,
Our admiration is intense.

Athletic Association; Chemistry Club; Library Council; Honor League.

JOSEPH R. KENNEDY

In the halls
On the stair
We find Joe
Everywhere.

Commercial Club; Athletic Association; Monogram Club; Basketball; Varsity Football '32, '33, Assistant Captain '34, All State '34; Library Representative; Library Council; Honor League.

ELIZABETH SHIRLEY KIRKPATRICK

Philosophers say
Still waters run deep,
So seek her friendship;
It will keep.

Swimming; Basketball; Tennis; High School Art League; Athletic Association; Honor League; French Club; Costume Manager Senior Play.

MARY JANE KUHLMAN

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
What is the charm you use?
Though we determine to resist you
We can't do what we choose.

Athletic Association; French Club; Honor League; Girls' High School Club; Basketball.

KATHRYN KUNZ

Mr. Isley calls her "Scoops,"
Hi-Times *say she's swell;*
She'll amount to something great,
That much we can tell.

Quill and Scroll; *High Times,* Assignment and Associate Editor; Athletic Association; Honor League; Chemistry Club; French Club.

MARIE GERTRUDE LACY

Absolutely this Marie
Is a darling, a cherie,
Which means "dear" in gay Parie—
High Times *thinks so too, you see!*

Athletic Association; Honor League; Be Square Club; French Club; *High Times;* Library Staff.

ALICE HELEN LANGDON

Gay and laughing,
Lovely manner,
Miss Langdon waves
The Be Square banner.

High Times Typist; Athletic Association; Honor League; Be Square Club, President '34, '35; Basketball; Volley Ball.

JACK LINDSAY

Clark Gable is a handsome brute
But Jack could be his substitute.

Athletic Association; Hi-Y; Track.

VIRGINIA MACRAE LOFTIN

Virginia is sophisticated
That we must admit.
And with the boys at E. C. Glass
She's surely makes a hit.

Athletic Association; Girls' High School Club; Be Square Club; Honor League.

ELMA LUMSDEN

Ask her something difficult—
She'll answer with a smile;
Never a frown thro' High School,
But good-natured all the while.

Athletic Association; Honor League; French Club; Girls' High School Club.

EVELYN MARIE MADDOX

Ever since the operetta
To us she's been endeared;
But one who got the jump on us
Is moon-struck Charlie Beard.

Basketball; Be Square Club; Glee Club; Honor League; Athletic Association.

LOUISE MANTIPLY

Once a task is well begun
You never leave it till it's done.

Athletic Association; Honor League; *High Times* Typist; Reporter, Commercial Club; Varsity Basketball; Volley Ball; Hiking; Monogram Club.

RUTH VIRGINIA MATHENY

With hair so fair,
Air debonaire,
Ruth holds many
A heart in snare.

Honor League; Athletic Association; Be Square Club; Commercial Club.

JUNE MAUPIN

You flipper, you flapper, you little heart tapper,
What makes your eyes to shine?
"My tossing head and shining eyes
Will keep the boys in line."

Athletic Association; French Club; Historian Girls' High School Club '33, '34; Chemistry Club; Be Square Club; Swimming; Basketball.

JOSEPH ALCIDAS MARCOTTE

His feet hit the track, and the cinders fly;
He wins the race for Lynchburg High.

Student Advisory Council; Athletic Association; Spanish Club; Honor League; Monogram Club; Captain Track '35; *High Times* Staff.

THOMAS L. MASON

A laugh a day
Keeps the doctor away.

Hi-Y; Athletic Association; Honor League; Commercial Club; Band; Orchestra; Library Staff.

HUGH GLENN McCAUSLAND, Jr.

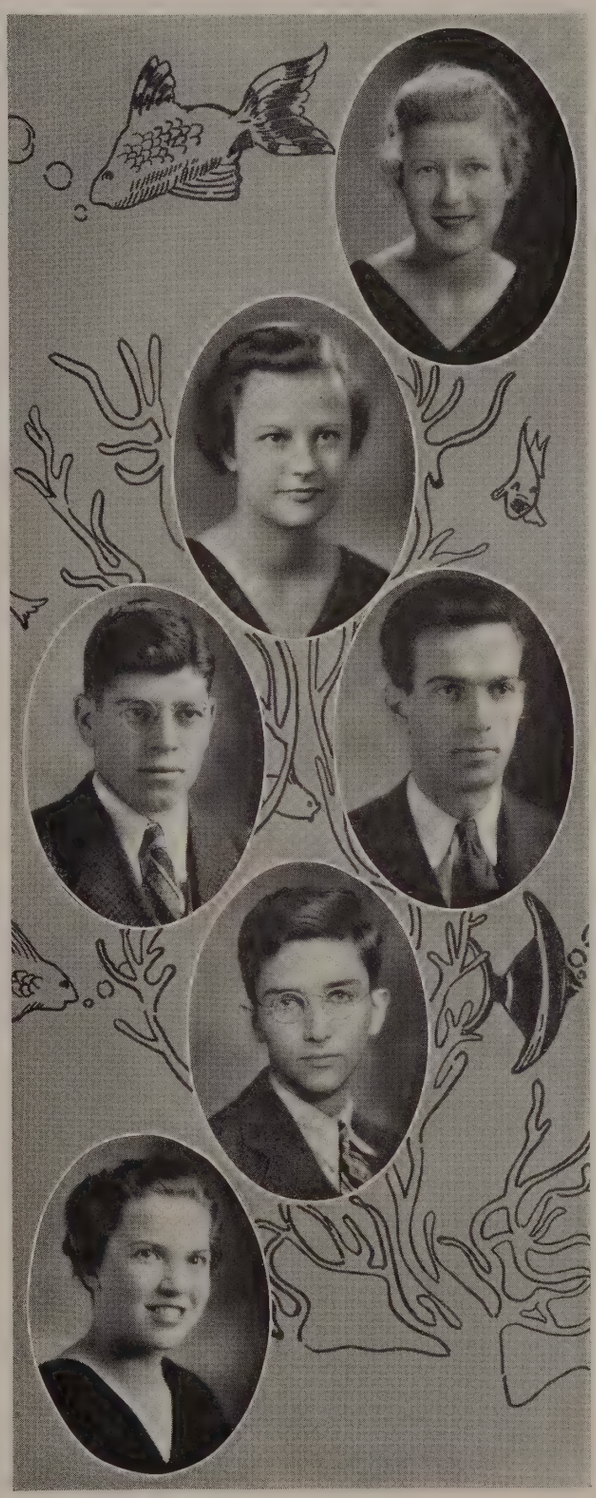
His ambition?—To be a composer of note;
And in future years on his operas we'll dote.

Quill and Scroll; David Garrick Players, Treasurer; *Critic* Staff; *Critic-Crest* Staff; *High Times* Staff; Athletic Association; Sergeant-at-Arms French Club '35; Honor League; President C# Club; Library Council; High School Art League.

MARY McLENNAN

Giggle, giggle, little girl,
All the boys give you a whirl;
Up and down the halls you amble
When the sheiks are wont to ramble.

Glee Club; Athletic Association; *High Times* Typist.



LOIS ELIZABETH MONTAGUE

This star that glitters on our stage
Simply will not act her age.

Girls' High School Club; Honor League; Athletic Association; *Critic; Critic-Crest;* Library Council; Senior Play; Dramatic Club.

LUTHER FRANCIS MOORE

Dark and dashing,
This brilliant boy
Makes our library
Work a joy.

Assistant Business Manager *High Times;* Athletic Association; Senior Council; Treasurer Commercial Club; Student Advisory Council; Library Council; Honor League; Cafeteria Assistant.

JANIE MOORMAN MORGAN

Lincoln met Douglas in Illinois,
But in Lynchburg he meets Whately;
And both of them at Janie's home
Have been meeting Robert lately.

French Club; Girls' High School Club; Athletic Association; Honor League.

JOHN SARGENT MORRIS, JR.

A laugh, a wave, a friendly grin,
It speaks for itself—the mood he's in.

Athletic Association; French Club; Honor League; Library Council; Chemistry Club.

HELEN ELIZABETH MORRISSETTE

Small and dark
And, oh, so sweet!
Here's a child
You'd love to meet.

French Club; Scrapbook Editor *Critic* '35; Assistant Editor "Magic Mirror" *Critic* '34; Girls' Glee Club; Honor League; Athletic Association.

OLA BLAIR MOTLEY

Artistic Ola,
Small and shy,
Has made the grade
At Glass High.

Athletic Association; Basketball; Honor League; Chemistry Club; High School Art League; Swimming; Volley Ball.

MILDRED BRAND MUNDAY

How doth our charming Mildred
Keep trim and fit and gay?
Small doses of psychology,
And Plato every day.

Vice President Quill and Scroll '35; Literary Editor *Critic* '34, '35; *Critic-Crest* Staff; Periwinkle Poetry Club; C# Club; Chairman Board of Publication; Committee; Honor League; Athletic Association.

JAMES HARVEY NICHOLS, JR.

Whether it be track or math
He's the first to make a path.

Athletic Association; Honor League; Track; Chemistry Club; Monogram Club.

LOUISE ALVIRA NIXON

With eyes so brown
And hair so dark,
You'd never guess her
A business shark.

Athletic Association; Commercial Club; Be Square Club; Honor League.

RICHARD TEMPLE NORTH

Let East be East,
And West be West,
If North is North
We skip the rest!

Athletic Association; Spanish Club; Honor League.

CHARLOTTE OPPLEMAN

Swell girl, Charlotte—
Smart and witty,
If you don't know her
It's you we pity.

German Club; French Club; Monogram Club; Girls' Athletics; Chemistry Club; Be Square Club; Honor League; Athletic Association; Senior Play; Dramatic Club; Library Council.

MARIE BEATRICE PADGETT

Old Titian lived to 99,
But did not live to see
The golden red of Marie's head—
It would have pleased him mightily.

Honor League; Athletic Association; Girl Reserves; Swimming; Volley Ball; Basketball; Secretary Spanish Club; Chemistry Club; Art Club; Office Assistant.

ELIZABETH MAY PARIS

Alluring freckles
Match deep brown eyes
That from the boys
Draw many sighs.

Honor League; Girls' High School Club; Be Square Club; Athletic Association.

ROBERT WATSON PATTERSON

You ask us if this boy is smart?
Not only that but more;
If you don't watch he'll steal your heart—
Go easy, we implore.

Athletic Association; Honor League.

ELIZABETH McMINN PEARSON

Our friend, Miss Pearson, is a scribe
Of quite a wide renown;
On any journalistic work,
Oh, can she go to town!

High Times Staff; Associate Editor *High Times;* Athletic Association; Honor League.

CLYDE OWEN PETERS

He acts like Crosby,
He looks like Gable,
As a watchman
He's most able.

Athletic Association; Spanish Club.

JACK PLUNKETT

Wide awake and much alive,
The Beau Brummel of '35.

Hi-Y; Cheer Leader '31, '32; Head Cheer Leader '33, '34, '35; Senior Play; Chemistry Club; Treasurer Spanish Club; Senior Banquet Committee Chairman; Monogram Club; *High Times* Staff; Student Advisory Council; Honor League; Senior Representative; Athletic Association.

DONALD ALEXANDER POUND

In this Pound you get full measure,
Knowing him is such a pleasure.

Athletic Association.

MAURAY GEORGIE PUGH

"Two tickets to Georgia!"
You'll be lucky to get one,
For this girl is really, truly
Pretty, sweet, and loads of fun.

Honor League; Glee Club; Advisory Council; Athletic Association.

JEANNETTE HORTON RANDOLPH

Tall, stately, blonde,
Not ruffled by the passing show;
Quiet, unassuming, modest,
She pleases all to know.

Honor League;! Athletic Association.

CLYDE REA

You see him as he strolls the hall,
You see him as he plays football,
You see him here and see him there—
He's with some girl everywhere.

Basketball Manager; Football Squad '31, '32; Varsity '33, '34; Track; Business Manager Athletic Association; Monogram Club; Commercial Club; Cafeteria Accountant; Hi-Y; O. G. A.; Library Representative; Secretary Library Council; *Critic* Staff Typist; *High Times.*

GEORGENE FRANCES RHODES

A nature lover, this friend of ours,
She's very fond of Byrds and flowers.

Be Square Club; Tennis Champion; Captain Basketball '35; Honor League; Athletic Association; French Club.

LOIS RHODES

We all look up to Lois;
She can pound an Underwood,
So that even Mr. Burmahln,
Has to rate this B^2 "Good."

Honor League; Athletic Association; Be Square Club; Commercial Club; Art League; Cafeteria Typist.

JENNY MARIA ROCK

Brilliant and reliable,
Our Rock's a reg'lar brick;
She can manage a Quill and Scroll Broadcast
Or edit a paper as slick.

Vice President National Honor Society; President Quill and Scroll; Assistant Editor *High Times;* Commencement Speaker; Senior Class Editor *Critic-Crest;* Honor League; Athletic Association; Girls' High School Club; French Club; Chemistry Club; Publications Board; Second National Place at Columbia; Third Prize, Spanish American War Veterans' Essay Contest.

CORNELIA VIRGINIA ROGERS

Over the keyboard her fingers fly
Forty-five minutes with never a sigh;
Yet her copy is rated as high as the sky
When it meets Miss Porter's appraising eye

Athletic Association; Honor League; Commercial Club; Library Council; Girls' Glee Club; C# Club.

MAXINE ROUTON

Boys, parties, sweeties, dates,
Figure out how each one rates;
If you asked me, I would cry,
"Give them all the loud go-by."

Spanish Club; Honor League; Athletic Association; Art Club.

CHARLOTTE LANDON RUCKER

Here is Charlotte—not Corday—
She has quite a different way;
She loves to ride and often will lend
A first-class horse to a first-class friend.

Girls' High School Club; Chemistry Club; Honor League; Athletic Association.

JOHN S. RUSH, JR.

Without you, oh, what would we do?
For you know things known by few,
And you're always ready to try
To help out the other guy.

Commercial Club; Library Council; Honor League; Athletic Association; Boys' Glee Club; Cafeteria Accountant.

WILLIAM WATKINS RUSH

Just watch sweet William;
See him blush
When over him
The gals all gush.

Art Club; Athletic Association; Library Representative; Honor League; Basketball.

WILLIAM LEETE SANDIDGE

Carefree, likable, blonde, and slender,
He draws from girls emotions tender.

Hi-Y, Treasurer '33, Secretary '34, '35; Athletic Association; Football; Spanish Club; Senior Play; Monogram Club; Honor League; Chemistry Club; Cheer Leader; Sports Editor *Critic-Crest;* Advertising Solicitor *Critic;* Basketball; Delegate to Danville Hi-Y Conference '34; Library Council; Dramatic Club.

LOUIS M. SAXTON, JR.

What's this strange power
Lou seems to possess?
Why the "femmes" chase him
Is easy to guess.

David Garrick Players; *High Times* Staff; Athletic Association; French Club; Honor League; Senior Council; Hi-Y; Tennis; Commencement Speaker; Student Advisory Council '34; Hi-Y Play '34; Debating '34, '35; Assembly Program Committee.

STANFORD LEE SCHEWEL

Editor is his title,
Envied in his name,
And, mind you, Stan has made his place,
In high school's hall of fame,

National Honor Society; Editor-in-Chief *High Times;* President Dramatic Club '35; Vice President Quill and Scroll '34; Chemistry Club; French Club; Commencement Speaker; State Championship Debate '33, '35; State Championship Short Story '33; State Championship Boys' Public Speaking '34; Debate Team '32, '35; First National Prize *Scholastic* Feature Story '34; Commencement Committee; Senior Play Committee; *Critic-Crest* Staff; Honor League; Athletic Association; Tenth National Place, Quill and Scroll; Periwinkle Club; First Place S. I. P. A. Current Events Contest; S. I. P. A. Delegate; Fourth National Place Short Story Contest; Organizer Intra-City Scholastic Press Association.

JULIA ANN SHACKELFORD

Gentle Julia knows her stuff;
If she doesn't, she can bluff.

National Honor Society; Alumni Editor *Critic;* Faculty Editor *Critic-Crest;* Athletic Association; French Club; Honor League; Senior Council; Chemistry Club; Quill and Scroll.

CHARLES HOWARD SHUMAKER

"Jolly good fellow's" not enough for him;
He's worth a toast up to the rim.

Chemistry Club; French Club; Athletic Association; Honor League.

LA VASSA FRANCES SINGLETON

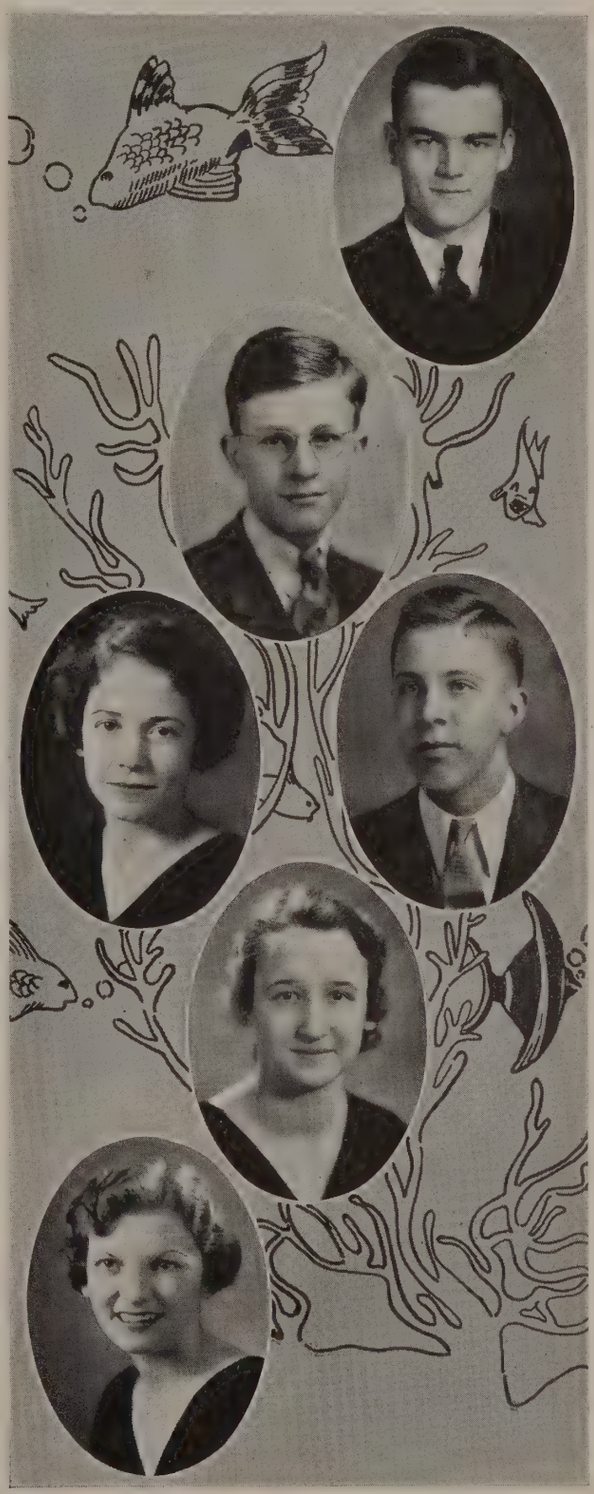
Little Miss Frances always entrances
And, if you would ferret
To discover her merit,
The Lunch Room has much to say.

Athletic Association; Girls' Glee Club; Spanish Club; Honor League.

RITA CECILIA SINGLETON

Rita is a jazzy tune
Sweetly played in time.
We cannot compass all her charms
Within this tiny rhyme.

High Times Staff; Athletic Association; Honor League; Be Square Club; Commercial Club.



JAMES CAVELL SMITH

Beside the lunch room register,
Our high school Smithy stands,
Alert, efficient as he takes
The money from our hands.

National Honor Society; *High Times* Typist; Business Manager *Critic* '34, '35; Business Manager *Critic-Crest* '34, '35; Athletic Association; Honor League; Commercial Club; Student Advisory Council; Cafeteria Cashier.

JOHN WILLIS SMITH

He smiled and blushed through childhood,
As he would smile and blush through a game;
He smiled and blushed into our hearts,
And he will smile and blush to fame.

Honor League; Chemistry Club; Athletic Association.

VIRGINIA PERROW SMITH

With a laugh and a nod,
She flits through the hall.
She can be merry,
Oh, why can't we all?

National Honor Society; Athletic Association; Basketball; Representative Honor League; Chemistry Club; Girls' High School Club; Cafeteria Assistant; Swimming.

MARY JANE SOWERS

She thrills you with her beauty,
Knocks you down with her retorts;
Her interest she says is poetry,
But we know that man of sorts!

Assistant Poetry Editor *Critic* '34; Poetry Editor *Critic-Crest* '35; French Club; Athletic Association; Be Square Club; Girls' High School Club; Honor League; Chemistry Club; Periwinkle Poetry Club; Quill and Scroll.

ADA CHRISTINE STEPPE

Christine's French and Christine's art
Will certainly get this girl a start;
We know that she will make them pay,
In this world of ours today.

Honor League; Athletic Association; French Club; Chemistry Club; Glee Club; High School Art League; Be Square Club.

ROBERT BURNS STEVENS

The way he slings that paint around
Is sure to mean he's gonna bound
From small time town, to big time city,
We'll lose him then, oh, what a pity!

National Honor Society; Secretary Quill and Scroll '35; David Garrick Players; Art Editor *Critic* '34, '35; Art Editor *Critic-Crest* '35; Athletic Association; Football; French Club; Honor League; Associate Editor *High Times;* Vice President High School Art League '34, '35; Senior Play; First Prize Feature Story in Southeastern District '35.

AGNES CHRISTINE STONE

A queen of the ivories is Agnes Stone;
She'll beat Eddie Duchin before she's grown.

National Honor Society; Athletic Association; Honor League; Be Square Club Pianist; Senior Banquet Committee '35; Orchestra Pianist; Girls' Glee Club Pianist; Boys' Glee Club Pianist; Music Club Program Director; French Club.

LUCILE ADKERSON STONE

Her blush is like a red, red rose,
Her figger tall and slender;
Everybody seeks this girl
For she is no pretender.

Athletic Association; Honor League; Chemistry Club; Student Advisory Council; Spanish Club.

MARY VIRGINIA STONE

Fortune-teller, fortune-teller,
Stop a moment if you will
And gaze into this dear girl's future.
Do you see signs of Charlottesville?

Athletic Association; Honor League; Commercial Club; Be Square Club.

MONTYE SWISHER

Some are born to blush unseen
In some secluded woodland dell,
Our Montye seems to be of those;
But you can't just always, sometimes tell.

Athletic Association; Representative Honor League; Commercial Club; Library Council; Be Square Club.

MALCOLM ROYSTER SYDNOR

A merry tune,
A mirthful smile!
Some day we'll brag,
"We knew him while. . . ."

Athletic Association; German Club; Chemistry Club; Band; Orchestra; Glee Club; Honor League.

CECIL WOOD TAYLOR

All the world's a stage—
And Cecil plays the lead;
Yet just the same to all his friends
He's true in word and deed.

Hi-Y; Football; Monogram Club; Honor League; Athletic Association; David Garrick Players; Hi-Y Play '34, '35; Senior Play; Chemistry Club; Delegate Hi-Y District Conference '35; *High Times* Staff.

FRANCES ADELINE TAYLOR

We watched her drawing portraits
And turned a trifle blue;
It was because we envied
The picture Frances drew.

Art Editor *High Times* '34; Art Club; Athletic Association; Cafeteria Assistant; Honor League; Be Square Club; Swimming; Tennis; Second National Prize in Royal Typewriting Ad Contest '33.

RACHEL WATKINS THACKER

Laugh and Rachel laughs with you;
Weep and you have to go home.

Glee Club; Athletic Association; Honor League; Be Square Club.

CHARLES ROACH THOMAS, JR.

Roach is smart as smart can be,
He'll win renown, just wait and see.

Athletic Association; German Club; Honor League; Library Council.

EDITH CLARE THOMAS

Tho little she may have to say,
Edith has a pleasing way;
And one may call it well worthwhile,
Just to see her flashing smile.

Be Square Club; Athletic Association; Honor League; Spanish Club.

CHARLIE ALFRED THORNHILL

Mussolini has great pow'r,
But by our Charlie he looks right sour.

Athletic Association; Honor League; Library Council.

GEORGE ERNEST THORNHILL

Lazy, languid, tall, and handsome,
He merits a billion-dollar ransom.

Honor League; Athletic Association; Glee Club; Commercial Club.

LANIER THURMOND

This Lanier is not a poet,
But one of a baseball nine;
And some day in the National League
We'll pay to see him shine.

Library Council; Honor League; Athletic Association.

HELEN RUTH TOLER

Her smiles, though scarce,
Are appealing and sweet;
Would that more like her
We might meet.

Commercial Club; Art Club; Honor League; Athletic Association; C# Club.

LAURA LEE TRENT

"Tugboat" has a Ford V8
As ducky as can be,
And everywhere that "Tuggy" goes
Timmy you're sure to see

Athletic Association; Honor League; French Club; Girls' High School Club.

JOHN ROBERT LEMUEL TREVEY

"97" 's coming in
Completely minus wreck;
This clever boy is really worth
A bushel and a peck.

Athletic Association; Chemistry Club; Honor League; Spanish Club.

LORIS VIRGINIA TURNER

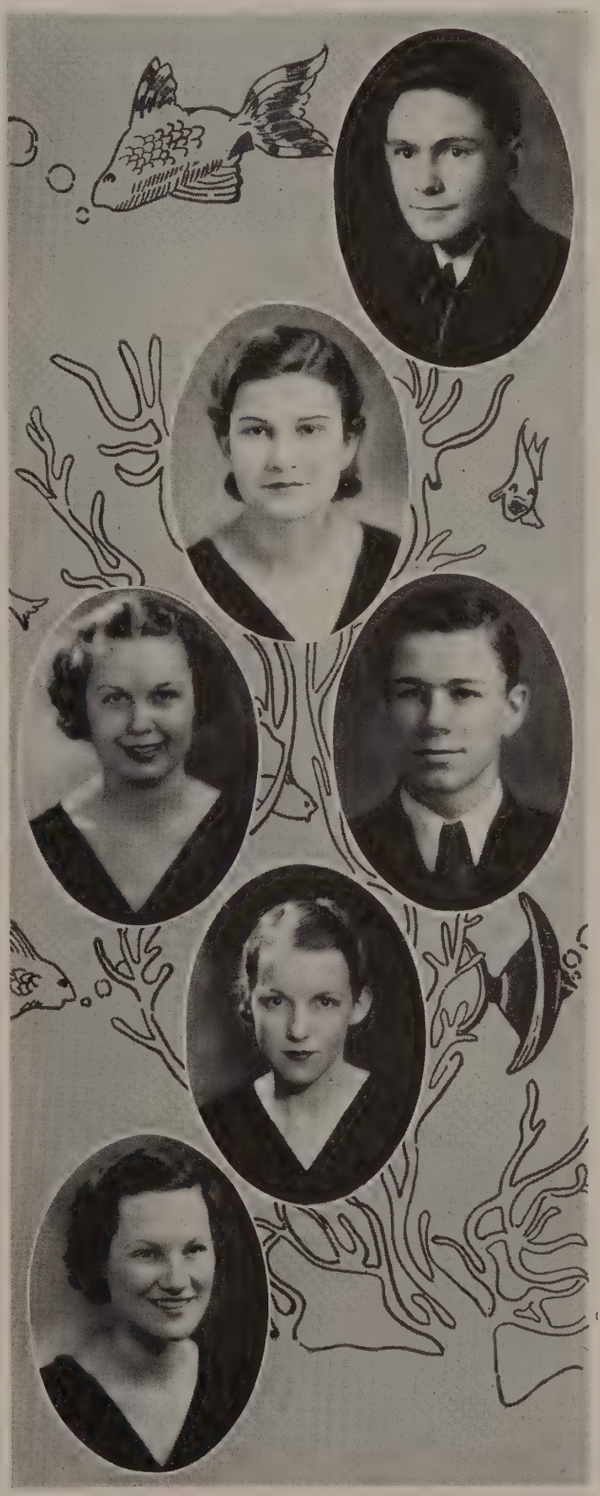
Treasures in small bundles wrapt
May sometimes be o'erlooked;
But here our interest is entrapt,
For Loris has us hooked.

Athletic Association; Honor League.

VIRGINIA ARLENE TWEEDY

The cutest girl has lots to say;
We bet it's 'bout Taylor or A. M. A.

Vice President Athletic Association '35; Basketball; Vice President Monogram Club '35; Honor League; Girls' High School Club; Cheer Leader; Student Advisory Council; Hi-Y Play '34; Dramatic Club.



FRANCES UTLEY

"Beautiful but dumb," so the old saying goes,
But not with our Frances—she's pretty and *knows.*
Also in her lessons this girl is a shark
And, boys, dating her is no shot in the dark.

National Honor Society; Student Advisory Council; Honor League; Library Representative; Girls' High School Club; Senior Representative; Athletic Association; French Club; C# Club; Honor League.

LELIA VIRGINIA WALLACE

You might think Virginia a movie fan.
For a book film she sees whenever she can
To measure the movie producer's art
With the charm that real literature can impart.

Girls' High School Club; Library Council; Commercial Club; Athletic Association; Spanish Club; Honor League.

NORVELL McVEIGH WALKER

He took his part in high school sport,
Kept a cool and jolly face;
He took his work as he took his girls
And thus, Norvell made his place.

Honor League; Hi-Y Club; Chaplain Hi-Y Club '33; Manager Track Team '34; Spanish Club; Chemistry Club; Monogram Club.

BENJAMIN HARTWELL WATKINS

About you all the girls have raved.
For whom are your affections saved?

Athletic Association; Library Council; Honor League.

GORDON HARRY WATTS

With his dark hair and Spanish rare
He'd make a perfect don,
And all the senoritas would
For him, grow pale and wan.

Athletic Association; Honor League; Chemistry Club; Library Council; Spanish Club.

HARRIET VIRGINIA WATTS

With her violin tucked gracefully under her chin,
She soulfully plays, much honor to win.

Glee Club; Orchestra; Be Square Club; David Garrick Players; Athletic Association; Honor League; Library Council; C# Club; Spanish Club.

ETHEL FRANCES WAUGH

Rap! Tap! Tap!
A swish and a wiggle,
She takes her bows
With a charming giggle.

Athletic Association; Basketball; Tennis; French Club; Be Square Club; Honor League; Glee Club; *Critic* Typist; Girls' High School Club; Library Council.

VIRGINIA FRANCES WEEKLEY

Some girls speed up in one way,
This one speeds up for the pay;
For Virginia's record at E. C. Glass
Landed a job, the first in her class.

National Honor Society; Reporter Commercial Club; Be Square Club; Athletic Association; Library Council; Honor League Representative; Cafeteria Typist; Student Advisory Council.

WALTER ROYE WHATELY

Walter, Walter, my boy,
What are you waiting for now?
Just watch while he hurries and scurries and worries
But gets through on time, somehow.

Athletic Association; Honor League.

HELEN WILKINS

A most versatile girl—
Her name is Torchie;
Be careful when near her,
She's fire! You'll Scortchie!

Honor League; Athletic Association; Spanish Club; Art Club; Dramatic Chairman Girls' High School Club; David Garrick Players; Senior Play; Girl Reserve Play; *Critic* Staff; *Critic-Crest* Staff; Library Council; Swimming; Tennis.

ANDREW WATTS WILLIAMS

"A little nonsense, now and then
Is relished by the best of men."

Library Council; Athletic Association; David Garrick Players; Humor Editor *Critic; Critic-Crest;* Senior Play; French Club.

JAMES F. WILLIAMS

A jazzy, musical, versatile boy,
With amateur radio as his toy.

Orchestra; Band; Hi-Y; Junior French Club; Honor League; Athletic Association.

ROYAL EDWARD WILLIAMS

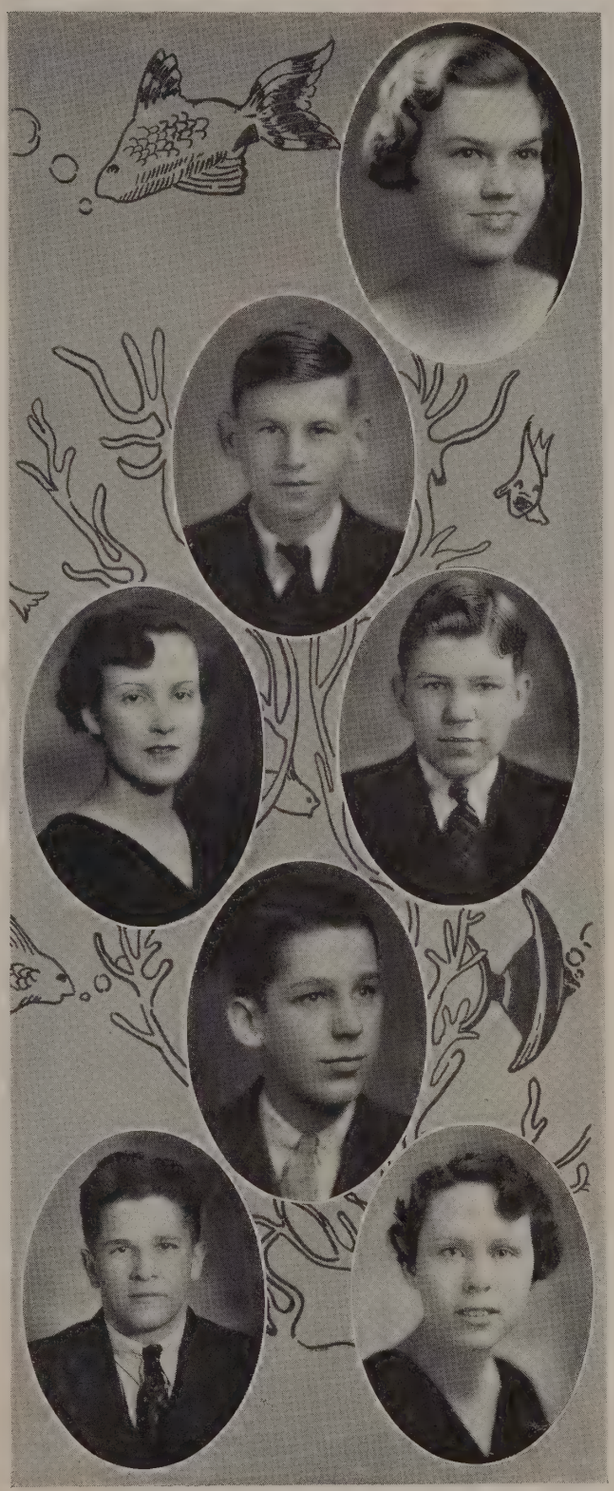
He's really very handsome
Though he doesn't shout it out;
He leaves that for his friend to do,
Which they will, without a doubt.

Honor League; Commercial Club; Athletic Association.

BETTIE VIRGINIA WOOD

Tall, lithe, and lissom
As an Indian squaw,
Her powers of persuasion
Could start or stop a war.

Be Square Club; Honor League; Library Council; Commercial Club; Athletic Association.



H. MARGARET WOOD

The door to our hearts she opens with ease,
For her sweet nature and liveliness please.

National Honor Society; President High School Art League; Assistant Literary Editor *Critic;* Secretary Student Advisory Council; Be Square Club; French Club; Chemistry Club; Honor League; First and Third Prizes in Portrait Contest; Athletic Association.

PAUL DAVID WOODSON, Jr.

When we're all blue he cheers us up
With wisecracks truly merry;
When he's around to help us out,
We know we need not worry.

Athletic Association; Honor League; Vice President Student Advisory Council; Chemistry Club; Hi-Y.

CATHERINE ELLEN WOOLDRIDGE

When we're down in the dumps, she comes
And makes bum things all right;
For when we see her friendly smile,
The world gets gay and bright.

Honor League; Athletic Association; Chemistry Club; Spanish Club.

NELLIE E. WOOLDRIDGE

Last but not least comes Nellie;
Her tale is quickly told;
For to her mind, always alert,
Is added a heart of gold.

Athletic Association; Girls' Glee Club; Honor League; Commercial Club.

JULIUS WRIGHT

He's the one who is liked by all,
He has good friends by rows;
And since no one resists his fun,
He's completely minus foes.

Glee Club; Track; Honor League; Athletic Association.

JACK RICHARD YOUNGER

Jack is nimble,
Jack is quick;
At bookkeeping
He's right slick.

Honor League; French Club; Athletic Association; Commercial Club; Home Room Representative Honor League; Student Advisory Council; Basketball.

MARY SCOTT LIGON

OCTOBER 16, 1917—MARCH 19, 1935

two loud clangs from the fire-gong and a horrified gasp from Carrie, who had the presence of mind to pull him behind a trophy case.

"Now that you've done it," she told him, "we'd just as well watch the excitement. The innocent little darlings think the school's on fire, and are they glad! They haven't had any fun since Mr. Lewis lost his voice."

Sam heard a rushing of fins above his head, and instinctively ducked as he saw hundreds of fish pouring down the steps, two by two. The tadpoles, in a big hurry to get somewhere quick, tripped each other up in their eagerness. The flounders plopped down heavily, their eyes bleary and their jaws sagging. The parrotfish talked on, and on, saying nothing at all with a great deal of energy. Sam watched them go by and tried to pick out types that he knew.

"These," explained Carrie, "are Seniors. But don't blame them; it's not their fault. You should see how conscientious they are and how they set such good examples for the Juniors and Sophs. Now, that one," she pointed, "is Proctor Harvey. They elected him president from force of habit, you know. And you should see him preside. So informal-like. But he can look presidential on occasion. Just look at his picture.

"And along side him you'll see Eunice Martin. You'll hear a lot about her, what with Latin tournaments and Senior Committees and all, not to mention being vice president of the Senior class."

Carrie talked very fast, and Sam, agape, watched the procession. He saw a few cautious crayfish, holding tightly to the railing, a gilthead or two, and more than one seahorse, snorting and ramping down the steps.

"Next," Carrie continued, "if you look closely, you'll see Chloe Waldron and Booth the Seventh, secretary and treasurer respectively, and crack commercial students withal. You should come and watch them sec and treas, sometime. They can always tell you where your $5.60 went, if you really want to know.

"Ah, here's what I've been waiting for," sighed Carrie, "John Acree! Besides having a name starting with 'A' so he can come first in everything, he manages to be captain of the football team without getting his nose broken. That within itself shows a genius. And he won the Rucker cup for excellence in athletics, scholarship, and citizenship, and he's been president of the Honor League for two years and got more 5's than anybody else in the National Honor Society—but you'll be hearing more about him later.

"Here's a modest chap—Stanford Schewel. He has some good traits, but you can carry altruism too far, you know. Maybe you can persuade him to show you some of the plaques and medals and things he's won, if he isn't too bashful. He's editor of the *High Tide* and president of the David Garrick Players, too. He has a habit of organizing things, but really, the boy has to have *some* recreation. Don't stare so. This isn't the *last* time you'll see him."

Carrie was chattering gaily when something bounced down the steps, denting the iron railing and knocking not a little plastering off the wall. It unrolled on the first floor and slid out of the door, croaking raucously.

"That was only Paul Graves," she explained complacently. "He's all at sea."

"But—" Sam pointed to the wrecked railing and lacerated wall.

"Oh, that's all right. Anice'll fix it. She's used to fixing things."

A jellyfish oozed apologetically out of the door, regarding Sam and Carrie sadly. By this time the fish had caught on to the fact that there was no fire after all, and were trailing back to their classes, led by Ann Marie Bowen.

"You might have expected Ann Marie to be in front," commented Carrie. "She leads in everything, and she's ever so systematical. You should have seen the orderly way she managed the *Crest* photographs. Still, you need somebody systematical when Mildred Munday's around. There she comes now. She lets her hair grow that way so it'll be different, and she's not half as mean as she looks. Chuck her under the chin and she'll say something witty for you."

Sam rubbed his fins together nervously and changed the subject. "Who's that on the landing?" he asked.

"That's Audrey Long. If you encourage her she'll give you a free lecture on Immortality to show you how intellectual she is. She writes prize-winning editorials just for fun."

"What's she scribbling on that clam shell?" Sam asked.

"Oh, just a sonnet," Carrie answered. "About Youth or something."

Sam heard Audrey mutter, half to herself and half to whoever happened to be listening, "Fourteen lines, iambic pentameter, division—8-6 or 10-4, or 12-2! Rhyme ABAB, CDC—."

Sam's mouth fell open.

"Fix your face! Here comes Jennie Rock. Maybe if you make yourself conspicuous enough, she'll put you in the *High Tide*. She's president of the Quill and Scroll and vice president of the National Honor Society and manages to keep cheerful at the same time. It's quite an accomplishment."

As Jenny approached, Sam heard her murmur:

" 'The time has come,' says Moby Dick,
'To talk like spouting springs
Of high school history there and here
And other noble things'."

"What's she saying?" he asked.

"S-sh! She's practicing her commencement speech."

Sam's attention was attracted to a very small fish beating her fins busily. She was surrounded by numerous other fish attempting to operate their fins likewise.

"There's method in her madness," Carrie explained. "She's teaching them how to write Senior verses—with meter and all. You'll see Ann Craddock and

Glenn McCausland and Alma and Cynthia Cobbs and Ann Caldwell and Julia Shackelford and a few pinch-hitters. The little one who thinks she's bossing is Mary Jane Sowers. If you tell her your name, she'll make up a rhyme about you. She loves it."

Just then Sam saw Robert Stevens and Ruth Bowles gliding down the corridor. In the course of their journey to the art studio on the third floor, they dropped one box of paints, three brushes, an eraser, and six linoleum cutters. Sam started to retrieve them, but Carrie gurgled, "Just leave 'em be. They've got plenty more. It's just their way of being nonchalant."

Sam took her word for it, and they wandered into the auditorium. On the stage Stanford Schewel and Homer Anderson were yelling "'Tis!" and Lou Saxton and Ed Embree were replying just as loudly, "'Taint!"

"They're just having a little argument about a retail sales tax," explained Carrie. "But if they enjoy it, why not let 'em go ahead? They might be big fish in Congress some day. And speaking of Congress—you should have come to Washington. It was highly educational, so to speak. Alice Herncall learned all about suspenders, and Uncle Charlie came nigh on to seeing the law of gravity demonstrated. You'd love the alphabet soup and mashed potatoes."

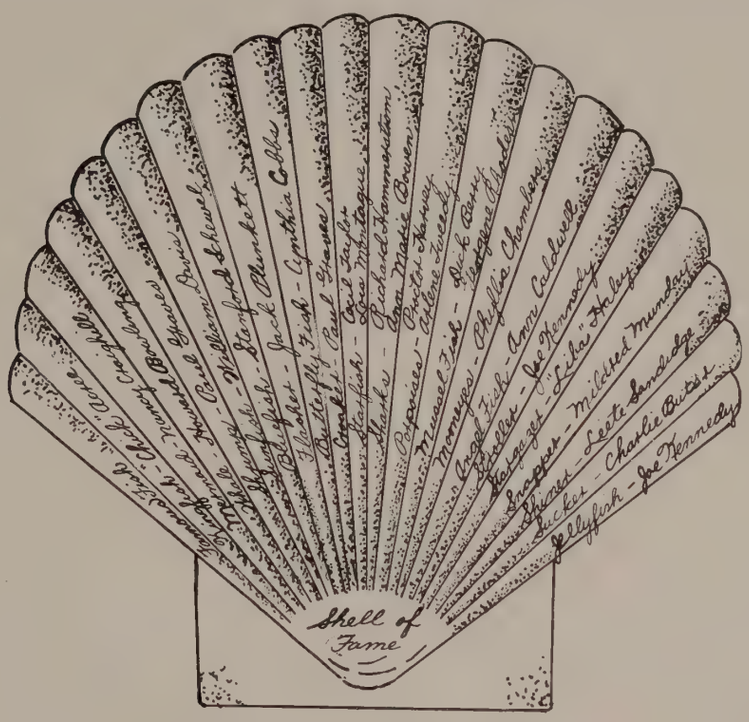
Sam pretended to catch on, and laughed appreciatively. Carrie, thus encouraged, continued.

"Do you like optimists? Anytime you need cheering up just find Tom Farrar. He's editor of the *Critic*, and he goes around *begging* for work. He's happiest when he's counting lines or discrowding pages, so I've heard. He seems to exert an influence over the whole staff. They're the most light-hearted bunch I ever saw—never worry about deadlines or anything. And James Smith! He's business manager, and you should see the lovely reports he respectfully submits. They're beautiful to look upon, what with the green ink and violet ink and red ink and all the figgers added up right. I know, because I checked them myself.

"That isn't all the celebrities, either. The Seniors got political the other day and elected a Shell of Fame. They were afraid their names would be writ in water, so—"

Carrie showed him a scalloped shell on which with a shark's tooth for a pencil she scrawled a score or so of names. While Sam was trying to translate her hieroglyphics, Carrie chatted comfortably, regaling him with juicy bits of gossip about things in general. Sam was glad she did all the talking, because reciprocating involved too much effort, and Sam didn't feel like making up answers. Besides, he didn't have to listen unless he cared to. Carrie didn't notice.

"Approaching now," she told him, "you'll see Libba Haley. She's a salmon coquette, if you know what I mean. You probably don't, but you will after you've been around a while.



"If you hear any sirens out exercising their vocal chords, you may be sure they're Estelle Agee and Evelyn Maddox. Estelle's been in the operetta for the last three years, and Evelyn made her debut as a soloist in 'Tune In.' Would you care for some Kroggins' Kippered Kodfish?

"Speaking of music, do you know we have a connoisseur of opera in our midst? The next time you want to know about the arias in 'Aida,' or how the Barcarolle from 'Tales of Hoffman' goes, just ask Glenn McCausland. He'll know, like as not. He had us all gaping at his play 'Interlude.' The *Critic* broke an unwritten law and let him put cuss-words in it, but an artist has to be pampered, and they were Italian cuss-words anyway—."

Carrie broke off suddenly and fixed her fishy eye on Sam. "I hope I'm not keeping you away from class or anything. It is so seldom that I get hold of somebody who won't fight back. I have so many interesting things on my mind, but I can never find anyone to tell them to. It's not considered the best form to talk to yourself. Seniors can do it, but they have special privileges. Now *you* (of course you'll excuse my being so frank) can't expect to be a Senior for a decade or so. Alice Herncall, little as she is, finished in four years and was the first Senior to get a job, but what can you expect from a gawky sucker like you? Shut

your mouth and look interested, even if you're not. That's the secret of success. Miss Wiggins says she grades on looks. What chance, then, has a catfish in a class with Cecil Taylor and Clyde Rea and Jack Lindsay? But we won't dwell on that.

"Here comes the owner of the largest collection of brass buttons known to the civilized world—Arlene Tweedy. She has some rare specimens, I assure you, and modesty alone prevents her telling you the hazards involved in obtaining them. She has the system down to a fine point. The principle is about the same as that used in angling—wait patiently for your chance and act quickly when it comes. Arlene is really a nature-lover at heart. She has a passion for arbutus. The ones on Candler's Mountain are her favorites, but any old arbutus will do in a pinch. She isn't particular.

"By the way — she's vice president of the Athletic Association, and one of those indispensable attributes of the football team—a cheer leader. But that comes later. Right now, you'll see a learned-looking codfish in tortoise shell glasses approaching. It's Doctor Jones. He looks innocent enough, but he'll take your picture quick so he can get ahead of Charles Butler."

Carrie paused for a minute and regarded Sam quizzically. She could see that he hadn't heard a thing she'd said, so she pinched his fin. "Try to pay attention! Just when I'm being most amusing, you go to sleep on me. You know, one really *does* go to school for an education and I'll prove it. Here are some choice specimens of the genus Shark. The little brunette with the ambition to be six feet tall is Julia Shackelford. If she likes you, she'll let you call her 'T Cookie,' but don't expect too much at first. She and Richard Hammerstrom made the highest average for the second six weeks this term. Richard'll be along in a minute, but now we'll gaze upon the Unknown Quantity—Frances Utley. With all her versatility she's amazing, but does she care? Oh, no! She wheels her brown eyes around most dexterously, and continues to be a Sphinx. With the proper inducements, she'll sing to you, or make a speech, even. She made the highest six-weeks' average when she was only a 2A. And now, here's Richard. His grades soar like—"

"Like a gull," supplemented Sam, ogling Richard and thinking of his own mediocre 74's and 83's. He could see the long-forgotten gull, sailing placidly above the muddy river, and he started finning desperately after Hammer, forgetting the catty Carrie whose turn it was to stare with her mouth open.

Sam's hibernating ambition was again aroused, and Sam, poor sucker, was determined to see his grades soar like the gull. Hammer was far down the corridor by now, but Sam did his best to catch up. Carrie shook her head wisely and sat on the bottom step to wait for him. She knew he'd be back.

Photographed by Jones

Chapter 2

CARRIE was right. It wasn't long before Sam came minnowing along, looking very much stepped on. "It was too hard," he explained. "I couldn't keep up."

"Just what I expected," said Carrie in a conventional told-you-so tone. "Such as that isn't for suckers. This is the place for the likes of you. Besides, there's lots you haven't seen yet. What's the matter with your fins?"

"I bruised them," sobbed Sam, "I bruised them on an irregular verb."

"Well, let that be a lesson to you. Come on and look at classes."

"May I ask one question?" interpolated Sam timidly. "Why do Seniors have such broad fins and such fluffy tails?"

"Oh, that's just to stir up a lot of hot air," explained Carrie, "to impress the small fry like you. Now, as we pass the classrooms, I'll point out the celebrities to you. My patience is infinite, I've been told. And I'm fairly convinced of it, now that I've had to contend with you. These," she said as they passed a great many minnows who tried not to look *too* stupid, "are Sophomores. You probably know that, being one yourself. They're not a great deal of trouble except when they get underfoot. I've stepped on several, myself, but there are always more to take the place of the damaged ones."

Sam waved companionably at Thebo Jennings and Russell McBride, whom he had seen make their dramatic debuts in "The Red Lamp." "Thebo," Carrie told him, "writes. You'll see her spread all over the *Critic* afore long.

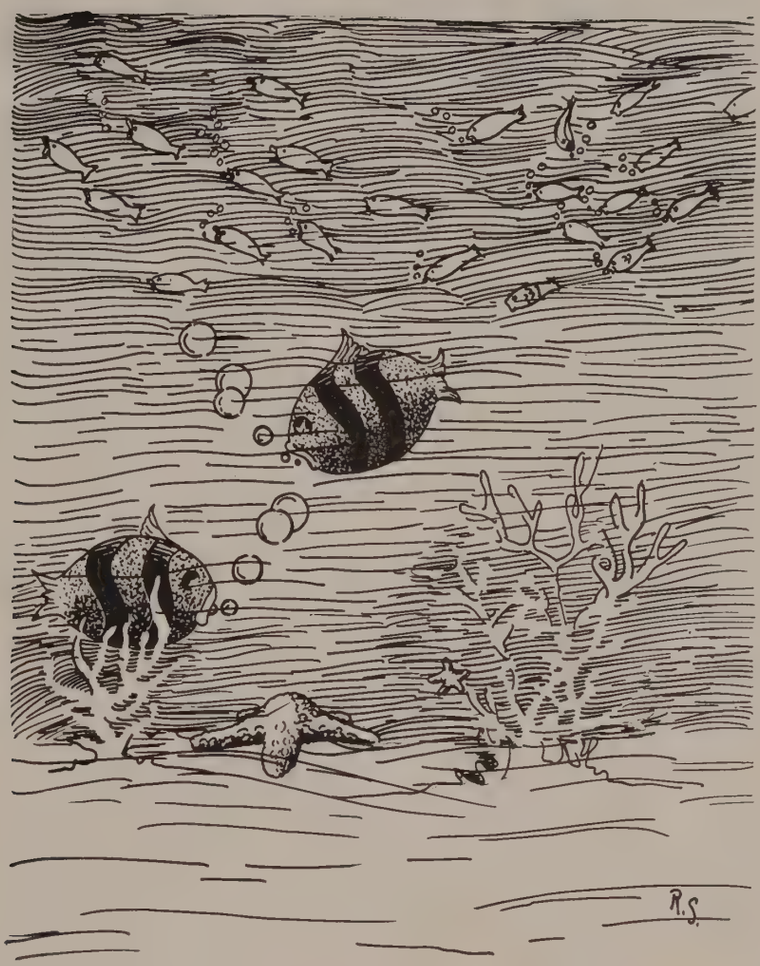
"There's Anne Campbell. She had us all standing on our ears when her story, 'Niggertown Shug,' came out. As soon as we could attain an upright position, we went out and paid the premiums on our 'bury polishes'."

Anne said "Hi" and patted Sam on the fin as she passed, and Sam swelled with pride. He held his head so high that he didn't realize when they were approaching a hideous skeleton lying crumpled on the sandy floor of the ocean. Not until he stumbled over a bony declension did he notice where he was, and then with a startled gasp he started to run back. Carrie caught him by the fin and hissed in his ear, "Stop! It's only Latin. A dead language, you know. Look!"

Sam saw several electric fish swimming merrily among the ribs. Jeannette Hughes was nibbling at the accusitive case, and Eunice Martin was juggling subjunctives and ablative absolutes, and seemed to be actually enjoying it.

"Eunice," commented Carrie, "won a 150-shell scholarship for getting second place in the Latin Tournament. You remember seeing her among the Seniors. She can make Cicero take a back seat, seems as though."

Sam regarded Eunice respectfully a minute before he asked, "What does Trudy Kern do? I've heard about her, too."



Classes

"Makes speeches. She belongs among the Juniors—the Trout, I calls 'em. Next time you have a long afternoon to spend, ask Trudy a question, and before she's finished answering it, your time'll be up and you can go home. Trudy always gets where she's going, but she likes to take her time. I bet she was brought up on 'The Hare and the Tortoise'."

Sam had wandered off. He saw some nice worms suspended at a convenient height in the water, and he wanted them. Carrie finned after him and caught him roughly by the gill. "Don't never! They *look* good, but they're dangling participles. That goes for the split infinitives, too. The hermit crabs say they're poison, but personally, I don't believe them. It's whispered that Miss Wiggins indulges in them privately, but I suppose it's only a rumor. The rest of 'em say that to intentionally split an infinitive is the only unpardonable sin."

Sam didn't like gossip, so he changed the subject. "Who's president of the Trout?"

"Florence Merryman. She'll be a model Senior next year if I'm any prophet. And she's one of our literary luminaries, too, according to the *Critic*.

"Tom Faulkner's president of the Minnows. We'll be hearing more about him forthwith.

"Here comes Tulane Craddock. He has an editorial look about him, don't you think?"

They wandered into the Senior office, and while Carrie rattled along happily, Sam read the names carved on the table. "That," she said, "is an unofficial record of all graduates. No one dares leave this institution without leaving his John Henry around in some conspicuous place. You'd better start cutting yours now, or you won't get through. The only reason why I don't graduate is that mine's not finished."

Sam was leaning over the railing waving desperately to Betty Neher. He'd never seen her before in his life, but she just affected him that way. "Oh, where," he sighed, "has she been all my life?"

"V. P. I., most likely," answered Carrie drily. Sam thought he detected a note of jealousy in her voice, but he wasn't sure. She looked pensive, so he cast about for something to cheer her up. "Uno Jeanne Burnett?"

"Oh, yes," Carrie brightened. "She was in the operetta, and she fairly had us swinging on the chandeliers, so gleeful were we. After hearing Jeanne warble 'The Gate Is off Its Hinges,' one can really appreciate opera. By the way—you haven't seen the Commercial Department. Let's go up and take a look."

Sam followed her to the third floor, pausing at the top to wonder what would happen if he should spit all the way down to the basement. He heard the staccato click of typewriters and was kept busy dodging the fish dashing by with sheaves of paper in their fins and worried frowns on their faces. Somewhere he heard a harried voice complain, "Forty-seven, eighty-eight, ninety-four—Awk! I'm twelve

Class of 1936

4A

JUNIOR CLASS OFFICERS

President.....Florence Merryman

Vice President.....Bolling Hobbs

Secretary.....William Dabney

Treasurer.....Martha Thompson

Class of 1936

3B

dollars off on my Profit and Loss Statement—forty-seven, eighty-eight, forty-nine, I mean ninety-four, I mean seventy-four—"

"That sounds like Ernest Thornhill," commented Carrie. "If it's all the same to you, we'll try Burmahln's Grotto first."

They entered a large room filled with desks that reminded Sam somewhat of grand pianos with over-grown music racks. Every pupil except one had neat rulers, pencils, erasers, pens, and blotters arranged on his desk, and that one was trying to hide in his ink-bottle. Sam recognized Walter Whately.

"What—" he began.

"Don't say a word," whispered Carrie. "You might disturb the papers on Mr. Burmahln's desk."

Class of 1937

3-A

SOPHOMORE CLASS OFFICERS

President ..... Tom Faulkner

Vice President ..... Nan Copley

Secretary ..... Jeanette Hughes

Treasurer ..... Ted Offterdinger

Class of 1937

3-A

They tiptoed carefully around the room, but everybody looked up reproachfully when Sam stepped on a squeaky board in the floor. In one corner Ethel Waugh was tearing her hair despondently. Sam took the liberty to look on her desk to see what was the matter, but found only what he thought to be a very neat piece of penmanship.

"It's a capital crime," explained Carrie, "to omit loops in your *e*'s and *l*'s. And if you forget the hickey on your *F*'s, you're disgraced for life. As for writing a figure in the wrong column—," she couldn't think of a punishment cruel enough. Sam was horrified, and made for the door, followed by Carrie.

"Now we'll try Office Training," she suggested, after Sam had turned a cartwheel down the hall just because he could. "Be sure you have plenty of paper clips and *don't* bite your fins." As they entered the door Miss Childress began with-

Class of 1938

2A

out preamble. "If a mortgage pays six per cent, what is a bill of lading and would you cross-reference or not?"

"N-No'm," stammered Sam. "I mean, y-yes'm, I mean—opinions differ."

Miss Childress gave him a withering glance. "Who said anything about opinions? That doesn't come until the next chapter."

Sam, reduced to the size of a large cherry seed, dived through the keyhole and stood by the drinking fountain until he attained his normal size. There he found Jack Younger engaged in calculating what his net profit would be if he sold seven second-hand fishingworms at a ten per cent reduction.

Carrie and Sam paused in a shorthand class to watch Miss Porter dictate at 120 words a minute, which is, Carrie remarked, almost as fast as Alice Herncall

FACULTY

MR. WALKER

MR. ISLEY

MR. ABBOT

MISS WIGGINS

MISS FISHER

MR. LEWIS

MRS. GREGORY

MISS MOORE

MISS TALBOT

MR. FUNK

MR. McCUE

MISS GLASS

MISS PAYNE

MISS WILLIAMS

MR. DAVIS

MISS PORTER

MRS. NICHOLAS

MRS. EURE

MRS. WALLACE
MR. McLAURIN
MR. SYDNOR
MRS. HELBIG
MISS NELSON
MR. GAY
MISS PHIPPS
MISS CRAIGHILL
MR. BENNETT
MISS GOODE
MISS CHILDRESS
MISS HOLMES
MISS WRIGHT
MISS HARVEY
MR. OGLESBY
MISS BLUNT
MR. BURMAHLN
MISS BELL
MISS PREBBLE
MR. FREDERICK

The Faculty

H. A. C. Walker, *Principal*
Blake E. Isley, *Assistant Principal, Mathematics*
Pauline T. Fisher, *Dean of Girls, History*
Charles M. Abbot, *History, German*
Harriette S. Bell, *Spanish*
Samuel Henry Bennett, *English*
Ruth H. Blunt, *English*
E. F. Burmahln, *Director of Business Education*
Dorothy Childress, *Typewriting, Office Training, Shorthand*
Lewis T. Davis, *Head of Latin Department*
Addie T. Eure, *English*
Thomas M. Funk, *Mathematics, Athletic Coach*
Samuel R. Gay, *Biology, Physics*
Elizabeth C. Glass, *Latin, History*
Lillian F. Gregory, *Head of Romance Language Department*
Clementine Goode, *Shorthand*
Ettie K. Harvey, *Bookkeeping*
Kathleen Holmes, *French, Spanish*
J. Heath Lewis, *Head of History Department*
L. H. McCue, Jr., *Head of Science Department*
Fred B. McLaurin, *Mathematics*
Evelyn L. Moore, *English*
Helen H. Nelson, *English*
Mattie H. C. Nicholas, *English*
Roscoe R. Oglesby, *Mathematics, Government*
Mary Spotswood Payne, *English*
Beulah Phipps, *Chemistry, Biology*
Erma Lee Porter, *Typewriting, Shorthand, Transcription*
Ruth H. Prebble, *Typewriting, Commercial Geography*
C. A. Sydnor, *Mathematics*
Elsie V. Talbot, *English*
Elizabeth N. Wallace, *History*
Evelina O. Wiggins, *Head of English Department*
Margaret F. Williams, *Bookkeeping, Commercial Geography*
Fannie B. Wright, *History*

Special

W. L. Frederick, *Music*
Margaret Helbig, *Art*
C. R. Warthen, *Physical Training*
Isabel Peck, *Physical Training*
Mary Burwell Dabney, *Girls' Athletics*
Norvell Craighill, *Librarian*
Anice Howell, *Secretary to Principal*
Everett Long, *Assistant Secretary*
Phoebe Edmunds, *Supervisor of Study Halls*
Mrs. D. M. Davis, *Director of Cafeteria*
Mrs. B. R. Chambers, *Assistant Director of Cafeteria*

can talk. Then they wandered into the typewriting room. Mary Ellen Harris was prancing over the keys at the rate of seventy words a minute.

"It's all done with mirrors," remarked Sam, who still used the hunt-and-peck system. He was so inflamed with jealousy that Carrie dragged him down the steps and marched him along the second floor to give him time to repent.

Miss Edmunds sat in the corner and regarded them with a cold, fishy eye. "She'll get you if you're not smart like I am," remarked Carrie. "Now *I*—."

"Permits, please," requested Miss Edmunds, smugly, as if she knew all the time that they had none. "No loitering in the halls without permits."

"Oh, we're working on the *Critic*," fibbed Carrie smoothly and dragged the horrified Sam into the English Conference Grotto. Sam had been taught that one treated the Hermit Crabs with a cringing respect, and here was Carrie being frivolous with one. "But—but she—," he began.

"Oh, the hermit crabs are all right, especially Moby Dick, the King of the Aquarium. We call him Hac because it's not his name. You know him—

'How cheerfully he seems to grin
And neatly spreads his claws
And welcomes little fishes in
With gently smiling jaws'."

And then there's Poppa Porpoise, the crown prince, who distributes tickets to Davy Jones's Locker. But I needn't explain. You probably know more about Davy Jones's Locker than I do, and Davy, too.

"If you want Miss Payne to like you, get in the habit of making lists of things."

"What lists?"

"Any old lists. She has an overwhelming passion for lists. She doesn't feel natural without them. By the way—carry her a sea-anemone occasionally—just to be on the safe side."

"How about Mr. McCue? I've heard something about him."

"Oh, he's the custodian of the fishingworms. And he knows how to get on the inside of things. He's faculty manager of the football team, which is, mind you, no small matter.

"The Hermit Crabs had their pictures taken a while ago. If you had seen them posing you would have thought they were Seniors. It seems that the traditional portraits were out-dated or something. Everybody looked far too young, and that would never do. Isn't that just like a crab?"

Just then Sam heard a sound like distant thunder. It rose occasionally to a metallic whirr, and then fell to a low resonant groan. Sam was greatly agitated,

but Carrie seemed to take it as a matter of course. Sam had a feeling of awe, mingled with curiosity. "Whazzat?" he asked.

"Only Triton. He blows his horn up in Grotto 303. Want to take a look?"

Sam followed her. He was not a little afraid, but his curiosity was insatiable. His eyes bulged in anticipation of the sight that he was soon to see. As soon as they entered the Grotto, Triton plunged into a harangue.

"Jonah," he shouted impressively, "swallowed the whale."

"But Mist' Lewis," interpolated a timid little fish. "Didn't the whale—."

"Jonah," repeated Triton, "swallowed the Whale. And I can prove it. Listen! Atanygiventimethemarginalutilityofanycommoditytoitsownerdecreaseswitheveryincreaseinthestockpossessedorconsumed. See?"

"Yessir," gasped the little fish. "I see fine."

Sam backed out of the grotto and bounced down the steps on his head, muttering incoherently, "the Whale swallowed Jonah—Jonah swallowed the Whale —the Whale swallowed—."

Carrie patted his fin sympathetically. "I know. I used to think so, too. You'll recover. Look out!" She dodged, but Sam was hit squarely on the head by a logarithm, ridden by Poppa Porpoise with Julia Shackelford in tow. Poppa looked around and warned, "Don't square the cube root!" Julia added, "And mind your sharps and flats!"

Sam didn't see the connection. "She thinks it's a log-a-rhythm," explained Carrie. Sam was still a little dazed, but she took him by the fin and dragged him down the steps and out of the door.

"We're going places," she told him. "Here's Coach Funk and Dick Berry and Chick and Justice and—. Come along, Sucker!"

Athletic

Football

Front Row: Student Manager Cosby, Justice, Phillips, Woolridge, Miller, Captain Acree, Martin C. Berry, Faulconer, Clark, R. Berry
Second Row: White, Sublett, Watts, Thornhill, Hammerstrom, Thomas, Moseley, Holbrook, Pugh, Dunnington, Pleasants, Taylor, Cheatham
Rack Row: Coach T. M. Funk, Faculty Manager L. H. McCue, Morrissette, Meeks, Hobbs, Dabney, ... Currier, Offterdinger, Harvey, Horton, Cox, Holt, Mason, Plunkett, Hawkins, Booth, Wright, Assistant Manager Hutter, Jr., Assistant Manager Bradford, Assistant Coach Humphries

Chapter 3

SAM and Carrie followed a group of their acquaintances who were behaving in a most unfishly manner—yelling meaningless phrases at the tops of their voices and beating each other on the backs with their fins. The mood seemed to be contagious, for Carrie, who was ordinarily so gentle, stamped hard on Sam's tail and squealed in his ear—"We wanna touchdown! We wanna touchdown! Fight, fight, bluen white! Fight, fight! Wake up, you sucker, and yell for good ole L. H. S.!"

"But—," Sam groaned, "You stepped—. What'm I supposed to yell for, and where are we going? You—."

"Got any money?" asked Carrie. "It doesn't cost but a quarter when you have an athletic ticket."

Sam searched furtively in his pockets and produced three shells. "Would—would this do?" he asked hopefully.

Sam surrendered his fortune and tried to keep up while Carrie disappeared

Cheer Leaders

Mary Eleanor Hillsman, Proctor Harvey, Betty Neher, Jack Plunkett, Arlene Tweedy, Leete Sandidge

in a mob of fish, rattling the shells. He could see that they were just outside a large field marked with ever so many white lines and surrounded by rickety benches, one atop the other. At the gate Cary Hutter and Jack Basham were receiving the shells proffered by the fish, who seemed to be most desirous of getting inside.

As they swam through the gate, a frog-orchestra arrayed in blue capes and white trousers were puffing energetically on very shiny horns.

"That's the band," remarked Carrie. "They're a good example of where misused energy can get you. Don't they look military? No, Mr. Frederick isn't *throwing* anything at them. He's *directing* them. Of course, they always do what they intended doing anyway, but Mr. Frederick seems to get a kick out of going through the antics. The little fish with the big stick is Eleanor Jordan. She's drum major, so I'm told."

Carrie paused while they watched eleven ugly starfish swim clumsily down the field.

Basketball Team

First Row: Coach Funk, Buddy Wheatley, Lawrence Belcher, Dan Justice, Lloyd Phillips, Cary Berry, George Meeks
Second Row: Tom Faulkner, John Oglesby, Dick Berry, John Wright, Bill Moseley, Alden Dunnington

"Here comes the team!" she squealed. "L-L, H-H, S-S, L-L-H-H-S-S-LHS! LHS! LHS!! Yell, Sucker! It's the team!"

Sam yelled, because he didn't like to be left out of anything. "Tell me about the team," he begged. "The one with the cleanest pants—isn't he Chick Acree?"

"Oh, yes. We saw him among the Seniors—remember? He's captain and guard. Alongside him you'll find Joe Kennedy. He's not really lazy—he just likes to take his time. How do you like his tooth-brush haircut? It's good for tickling the faces of the opposing team. Woolridge has one, too. He's next on the bench. Small, but fast."

Just then Sam heard a weird "Chu-chu-chuu"

"It's only Kennedy's war-cry," Carrie told him. You'll be hearing quite a lot of it, seems to me. And that's Proctor's Dogfish you see with all the streamers on. He's a connoisseur of football, says Proctor.

"The Romeo is Timmy Martin. Such hair! such eyes! such a complexion! such fizz-eek! And my! how rigorously he keeps training! It's amazing. Her-

Track

Front Row (left to right): Watkins, DuPriest, Seay, Captain Marcotte, Phillips, Utley
Second Row: Justice, Hobbs, Dabney, Franklin, Coleman, Wright, Meeks, Bryant
Third Row: McGinnis, Nichols, Holbrook, Butler, Prebble
Back Row: Faculty Manager L. H. McCue, Coach T. M. Funk, Student Manager Basil Costas

cules II with the trick knees is Dick Berry. How I love strong, silent men. Oh, I forgot to tell you. Cap Chick and Kennedy got all-state football honors this year. Cary Berry is next year's captain, and he's famous for never getting hurt. Holbrook's his substitute, and Holbrook orter know.

"Wait'll I tell you about Clark. Clark made one of the most sensational plays of the season at Newport News—raced 88 yards on a trick reverse play behind perfect interference and made a touchdown on the opening kickoff. Doesn't it sound technical? It makes better sense if you say it backwards.

"Justice is a good all-round man, and so is Faulkner. Faulkner's an import from Charlottesville. He'll be first assistant captain for football and co-captain for basketball next year. Watch him shine!"

Sam noticed that the yelling was becoming more orderly; due, perhaps, to the entrance of Proctor Harvey, Mary Eleanor Hillsman, Jack Plunkett, Betty Neher, Leete Sandidge and Arlene Tweedy. "Cheer leaders," Carrie commented briefly. "They don't act like that *all* the time—only during the games. They do our jumping up and down for us. We can't on account of these benches."

Girls' Athletics

Coach.....Mary Burwell Dabney

There was a breathless pause before the starfish ambled out to the field, carrying an elliptical sponge. "Here's where the fun begins," said Carrie. There was a confusing tangle of fins, and the sponge sailed miraculously through the water. From that time forth, Sam was in a daze. He yelled when Carrie punched him, and stamped on the heads of the fish in front of him. "It's all in the game," she told him philosophically. Occasionally one of the starfish broke loose with the sponge, and then the others chased him and flopped on him until his bones scrunched and he had to let go. Then it began all over again. After a few hours of face-bashing, all the fish in the grandstand started pouring down into the field. Carrie caught Sam's fin and pumped it up and down eagerly. "We won!" she yelled, "We won!"

"How do you know?" asked Sam.

"I don't, but that's what everybody says. Football's a great game, Sam."

"Yes," Sam agreed, wondering if his larynx could be successfully repaired.

"These athletes," she told him as they trailed back to the aquarium, "are very versatile. The Berrys are basketball men, as are Tom Faulkner and Justice. Tom

Monogam Club

President.....JOHN ACREE
Vice President.....ARLENE TWEEDY
Secretary....RICHARD HAMMERSTROM
Treasurer.....DAN JUSTICE

was the leading scorer this season, and John Wright came second. But what else can you expect of John? All he has to do is push the ball in the right direction, and it drops in the basket. Of course, when somebody else does it, it's called shooting, but John has to thrown *down* instead of *up*. Dick Berry's captain, and my, doesn't he look handsome in a basketball suit—with his crisp, blond hair and pink epidermis? You certainly have to give the team credit for a successful season, considering there was only one fish with a monogram left over from last year.

"Did I tell you about John Oglesby? He's the one with the moustache. If you value your existence, *don't* step on his shoes. He shines them carefully so they'll reflect his good nature. He's co-captain and a straight shooter, too."

Sam felt something whiz by his ear. "That was Al Marcotte, the track captain, doing the fathom in 2 minutes, 2.6 seconds. It's a new high school record. Al's a swell guy. You might think running was his favorite sport, but he likes to dance right smart.

"Clinton Prebble's the star hurdler. He holds the school record, too. Such swiftness! Such perseverence! Such form! Maybe his trips to Danville have something to do with it—I dunno.

"Then there are more: Dabney for the broad jump, Hobbs for the high jump and hurdle, Justice for low hurdles, Harvey Nichols for the pole vault and distance runs (look 'em over sometime!)" Carrie took a deep breath. "And Lloyd Phillips! Listen. 100- and 220-yard dashes, shot-put, javelin, discus, backfield in football—. Phillips is an all-round starfish.

"The team finished third in the state meet at Charlottesville with 26⅓ points. Marcotte and Prebble were the high scorers, and they had plenty of competition."

Sam was enviously watching Hugh Gantt and Lou Saxton swing tennis rackets strung with seaweed.

"Why can't I be on the tennis team?" he whined.

"Because it's not for suckers like you," snapped Carrie. "You have to prove your ability to make a tennis ball behave before you're considered. Just watch the Dunningtons."

Sam and Carrie had again reached the Aquarium. "How about the girls?" asked Sam. "Aren't there some athletes among them too?"

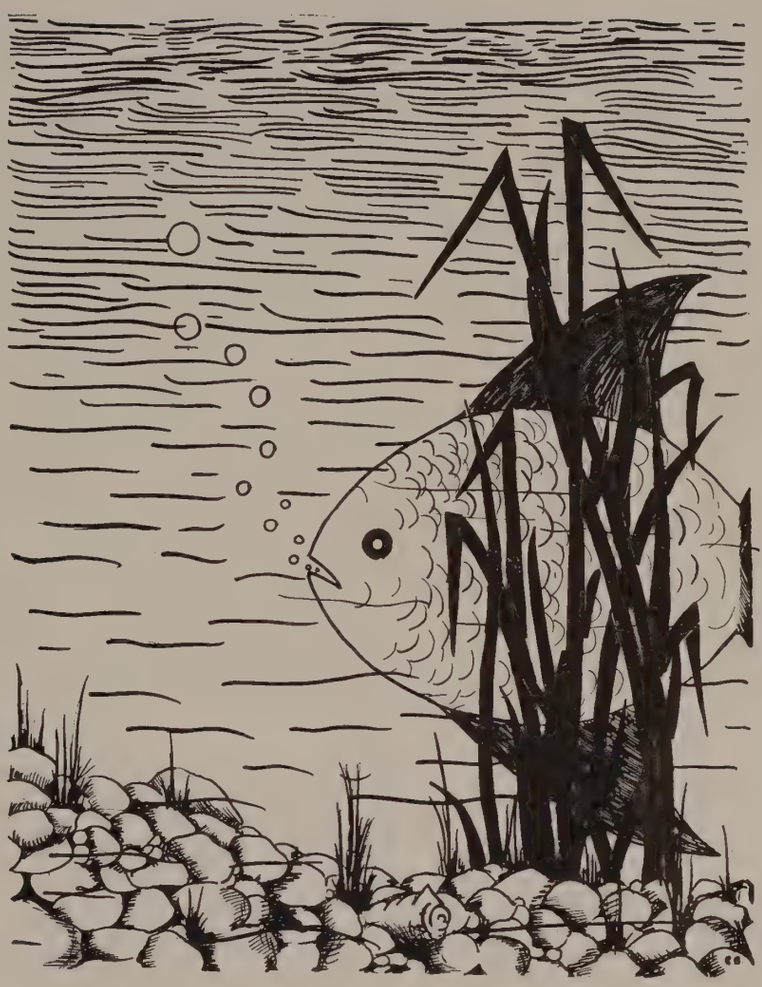
"Oh, yes. Want to go down in the gym and see what Coach Dabney's doing?"

"The Senior Team retained the championship of the Senior Girls' League in an undefeated season, winning six second-highest scores in the league. In the Junior League, the Blue Team got the championship with four straight wins, mind you! The other high school entry in this league was in second place, losing only to the Blue Team. This team was paced by Helen Bradley, who scored 112 points—an average of 28 a game. Margaret Fuller, her teammate, was in runner-up position, with 57 points. The next three high scores were on the White Team, giving the high school the first five high scores in the Junior League. How's that for a season?" boasted Carrie.

Sam could only blink. Coach Dabney blew a whistle in his ear, so he retreated to a corner to dodge volley balls. Carrie took refuge beside him and told him about the Monogram Club.

"The members of this club," she said, "all have neat pieces of Turkish toweling to sew on their sweaters. Now *I*, that is, if I cared to, could make one out of a washrag, but these athletes, who aren't half as resourceful as you might expect, *work* for theirs. They are presented at assembly, and we look envious and use all kind of persuasive methods to bum one off some Adonis with half a dozen."

When there was a lull in the game, Carrie and Sam dived out of the door. Sam was glad to fall back into normal methods of behavior. Every fish has an opportunity to shine, he mused, and the athletes' comes first. He looked around for scholastic and literary luminaries.



Organizations

High Times Staff

Editor-in-Chief ..... Stanford Schewel
Assistant Editor ..... Jennie Rock
Managing Editor ..... Charles Jones
Business Manager ..... Wyatt Woody

Chapter 4

CARRIE waylaid Sam by the trophy case. "Now," she said, "you shall see a *most* impressive sight. *Will* you shut your mouth?" Sam clamped his face together and followed her dutifully—not because he wanted to, but because it had become a habit. His eyes grew wider and his jaws fell again as they approached a large fish bowl, resting solidly on the bottom of the ocean. When they had finned their way through the gaping crowd, Sam saw thirty-one smug little goldfish swimming daintily inside.

"Why a fish bowl?" asked Sam.

"S-sh," she admonished. "It's the National Honor Society. The upper third of the Senior class is graded on leadership, scholarship, character, and service, and fifteen per cent of the entire class is chosen. It's said to be the highest honor a graduate can attain."

Critic-Crest Staff

Editor-in-Chief.....Tom Farrar
Literary Editor.....Mildred Munday
Associate Editor.....Ann Marie Bowen
Business Manager.....James C. Smith

Sam cast a sidelong glance at Mildred Munday, who was on the outside of the bowl, making faces at the goldfish.

"Pay no attention whatever," said Carrie reproachfully. "She'll stop when she sees she's not making any impression."

"Who's president of the National Honor Society?" asked Sam politely.

"John Acree. But he can't help it. He was born that way."

As they came nearer the bowl and pressed their noses against the glass, Sam recognized Jennie Rock.

"She's vice president. We'll be seeing Jennie off and on for quite a while yet," Carrie offered. "Alice Herncall's secretary, and Richard Hammerstrom's treasurer. You remember Hammer."

Quill and Scroll

OFFICERS

President ..... Jennie Rock
Vice President ..... Mildred Munday
Secretary ..... Robert Stevens
Treasurer ..... Audrey Long
Historian ..... Ann Marie Bowen

Sam had a queer, lonely feeling. Seeing Richard had awakened the image of the gull, and Sam was trying to forget that memory. He talked fast about something else.

"What does the National Honor Society do except have a bowl to themselves?"

"Oh, they coach. If you find yourself flunking anything just tell Cynthia Cobbs and she'll have you a teacher in no time." Sam made a mental note of it.

"There's another honorary society, too—the Quill and Scroll. Get you a blotter and we'll see what they're doing."

Sam and Carrie found a number of squids viciously squirting black ink at passers-by. As soon as Miss Moore and Jennie Rock appeared, they ceased being public nuisances and balanced neatly on their tentacles, awaiting orders.

"Who wants to be on the Quill and Scroll broadcast?" asked Jennie.

National Honor Society

OFFICERS

President.....John Acree
Vice President.....Jennie Rock
Secretary.....Alice Herncall
Treasurer.....Richard Hammerstrom

"I do," answered Stanford. "And you've got to tell them I'm editor of the *High Tide,* state champion debater, and holder of many high-school honors or else I won't play. Are there any committees I can be chairman of while I'm waiting?"

Jennie gave him a withering glance. "We're having Ben Belitt and William Mundy. You only *introduce* the speakers. The Squill 'n 'Croll will please come to order."

"Tell'm about the Bransford Vawter Memorial Fund I have charge of," urged Stanford. "Tell'm—."

"Oh, yes," said Jennie. "We found that the grave of the first Lynchburg poet is unmarked, and we're taking donations to give him a monument. If any of you feel musical you might sing 'I'd Offer Thee This Hand of Mine.' It beats Ben Jonson, thinks I. We could pass around a hat."

Library Council

Librarian.....Miss Norvell Craighill

Slogan: "The library is the heart of the school."

That was Sam's cue to move on, so he took Carrie by the fin and begged her to show him where the *High Tide* originated. On their way to Grotto 103 they passed the office, where a group of fish were arguing vociferously with Moby Dick.

"They're the Student Advisory Council," explained Carrie, "and their job is to tell Moby how to manage the aquarium. Nancy Craighill just waves her eyelashes at him, and he has to give in."

Sam stopped up his ears until they reached the Press Room.

"I'm sorry Stanford and Jennie aren't here to show you around," Carrie remarked, "but I think I do fairly well, myself. Now that the *High Tide* has reached the age of discretion it's allowed to take a little trip to Amherst every week.

"No, what you see on the board isn't a science formula. It's a headline. Headlines are written to explain the news stories, and news stories are written to explain

Student Advisory Council

OFFICERS

Fall		*Spring*
Nancy Craighill	*President*	Nancy Craighill
Paul Woodson	*Vice President*	Richard Hammerstrom
Margaret Wood	*Secretary*	Eunice Martin

the headlines. One of these days when I'm feeling mathematical, I'll tell you about them.

"The next time you do something spectacular, count on Dora Hiller or Margaret Travis interviewing you. Bring a dogfish to school, or put a barnacle up Miss Talbot's sleeve, and you're sure of attracting attention.

"You've heard something about the *Critic* already, possibly. They won a first award and All-American rating this spring and came back from Lexington last fall with two genuine silver cups, suh! They were afraid to put the humor editor's jokes in because of the danger of splitting the subscribers' sides. There's a law against it, or something."

Sam marveled at the demented look of the staff and wondered how such poor fish ever got on *anything*. "Don't judge them by their appearance," said Carrie.

Spanish Club

Fall	OFFICERS	*Spring*
Helen Brooks	*President*	Gordon Watts
Peyton Harris	*Vice President*	Frances Jefferson
Marie Padgett	*Secretary*	Virginia Smith
Jack Plunkett	*Treasurer*	Jack Smith
Courtland Jones	*Sergeant-at-Arms*	Owen Peters
Sponsor		Miss Bell

"They weren't that way originally." Sam preferred to change the subject. "What're these David Garrick Players I've been hearing about?" he asked.

"It's a federation of actors-who-make-good. It's another thing that Stanford's president of. They say he has it on a highly technical basis. Of course, you're going to the play 'Campus Quarantine.' Everybody is. You'll see Jeanne Baldwin and Tom Mason and Tugboat and Arlie and Life-of-the-Party Plunkett. With a cast like that you'll know what to expect. You saw 'Adam and Eva,' I know, with Price Thompson and Helen Wilkins in the lead. They say the play was a professional success on Broadway, but if they had had a cast like ours, they'd be running yet."

Sam was beginning to get interested in the school activities, and Carrie, who could talk about anything with a great deal of relish, supplied all the information.

"Haven't I heard something about an infant Art League?" he questioned.

German Club

OFFICERS

President ..... Richard Hammerstrom
Vice President ..... Sally Harman
Secretary ..... Virginia Harman
Treasurer ..... Dorothy Fralin

"You might've. But it's no infant. It was born only this year, but it has more members than any other high school organization. Ask Margaret Wood—she's president. Or we might go up to the studio and take a look." They swam leisurely to the third floor. "Robert Stevens," Carrie remarked, "will draw on your resources if you don't be careful. He wouldn't do it intentionally, of course, but you know how an artist is."

The art class was drawing bottles. Dick Wiley insisted on sketching Mickey Mice on his knee, but otherwise the work was progressing nicely. How beautiful bottles are, and how symmetrical! How subtle are lights and shadows! How exquisite are the colors in a brown jug! Sam watched in awe for a few minutes, and then tiptoed carefully out of the room on his tail. Going out, he stepped in Marguerite Finch's paints, but Marguerite didn't notice. She was squinting at the model and measuring it with the end of her pencil.

French Club

OFFICERS

President.....Cynthia Cobbs
Secretary-Treasurer.....Ann Craddock
Sergeant-at-Arms.....Glenn McCausland
Sponsor.....Miss Holmes

Sam and Carrie paused to observe the French, Spanish, and German clubs. As soon as Cynthia noticed Sam's arrival, she asked politely, *"Comprenez-vous le français?"* Sam swelled with pride. For the first time in his life, he was given credit for average intelligence, and he was glad. He thought hard for three seconds, and then sang happily:

"Oui, Mademoiselle Cobbs, et honi soit qui mal y pense." Sam didn't know what it meant, but he had heard it somewhere before, and it sounded so jaunty. He grinned and waited for applause. Carrie, always helpful, tapped her forehead and winked at Cynthia, who found Sam some past perfect tenses to play with until he could recover.

The Spanish Mackerel were tilting at windmills, so Sam and Carrie didn't disturb them. Gordon Watts and Helen Brooks led the attack, and Miss Bell held

Chemistry Club

OFFICERS

President ..... Gibson Hobbs
Vice Presidents ..... Florence Merryman, John Trevey
Secretary ..... Ann Caldwell
Treasurer ..... Jerry Thomas

the lances. After watching breathlessly for a few minutes, they started searching for the German Club.

"There *is* one," Carrie insisted. "I remember Hammer being elected president." After a few hours of turning over oyster shells and looking behind coral reefs, they found Uncle Charlie seated comfortably on a conch shell, plying the club with poetry.

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear—."

"But what," asked Sam, "has that to do with German?"

"Nothing," replied Uncle Charlie, "except that it's such a *little* club."

"Oh, I see," replied Sam politely, though he didn't see and wished that he were somewhere else. Carrie, to relieve the tension, remarked, "Sallie Harman's vice

Girl Reserve Club

Hi-Y

Band

Orchestra

Girls' Glee Club

OFFICERS

President ..... Janice Campbell
Vice President ..... Margree Hancock
Secretary-Treasurer ..... Harriet Watts
Historian ..... Helen Worsham

president, and Virginia Harman's secretary. Is there any Harman that? Dot Fralin's treasurer. She's a little girl, to fit the club.

"Do you see what I see?" she asked suddenly, pointing where Alice Helen Langdon, Helen Jester, and Katherine Beck were finning merrily down the corridor with galoshes and wide umbrellas.

"Who are they?" asked Sam, "and why do they mind the wet?"

"They don't. They're Girl Reserves and they're going to a convention and don't want to get their ardor dampened. There's nothing like being prepared. Mary Jane Crowell can tell you that.

"You remember the Girl-Reserve-Hi-Y play? How'd you like Charlotte Oppleman's German accent and white stockings? Cecil Taylor wasn't half bad either, and you just know Ed Embree was cut out for a preacher."

Sam nodded, and they went to see what the Chemistry Club was doing.

Commercial Club

OFFICERS

President.....Doris Harlowe
Vice President.....Martha Thompson
Secretary.....Catherine Hanel
Treasurer.....John Kersey

Florence Merryman was squinting down a retort, and Jerry Thomas and Jennie Rock stopped shaking test tubes long enough to ask,

"Coming to our picnic? You can if you'll pay."

Again at the mention of money, Sam swam away rapidly and bumped into the Commercial Club on their way to a field trip. Martha Thompson, resourceful soul, was swimming head down.

"She does that because her fins get tired scraping on the sand," remarked Carrie. "I betcher the Commercial Club goes to bakeries just to eat. I betcher they all eat a dozen cakes apiece, more or less. I betcher—."

Sam was all for following the Commercials, but Carrie jerked him back by the gill. "You haven't seen the Tuna Fish, yet," she insisted. "Agnes Stone is pianist, and she looks after their scales. One of these days the Tunas'll break loose with the 'Prelude in C# Minor,' Addison Marsh and all, and then what'll you do?"

High School Art League

President.....Margaret Wood
Vice President.....Robert Stevens
Secretary and Treasurer.....Ann Marie Bowen
Commercial Adviser.....Wilbur Garrette
First Assistant.....Marguerite Finch
Second Assistant.....Liza Adams
Sponsor.....Mrs. Margaret Helbig
Board: Nancy Craighill Richard Wiley Christine Steppe

"Pardon me," interrupted Sam, "but what do you do for books around this aquarium?"

"Oh, there's the library. Why'd you let me forget to tell you about it? Come along."

They hurried up to the second floor, where they saw Tom Farrar, Andrew Williams, and Martin Jones disappear in a great square, clam-shell-lined grotto. Sam wanted to linger outside and look at the pictures on the bulletin boards, but Carrie tugged at his fin.

"There's lots more inside," she said. "You aren't allowed to cut your name on the nice, tender green tables and, when one of the water snakes hisses at you, you hafta keep quiet. Maybe you'd like to read the posters on the wall, or count the cracks on the nose of Homer's statue. I found thirty-seven, but you can check on me."

David Garrick Players

OFFICERS

President.....STANFORD SCHEWEL
Vice President.....BETTY NEHER
Secretary.....MAE HAWKINS
Treasurer.....GLENN MCCAUSLAND

Sam wasn't listening. He was experimenting with the rubber stamps on the desk while Miss Craighill wasn't looking. Just when he was getting absorbed in printing numerals on the back of a shiny new encyclopedia, a bell clanged and all the fish poured from the library and down the steps, dragging Sam with them. He lost Carrie, but it seemed that everyone was headed for a central point, so he just followed the crowd. Somewhere he heard Mr. Sydnor's stentorian voice, "Go eely, now. Go eely. There's plenty for everybody." Sam caught sight of Carrie at the head of the line, casually chewing fishing worms. He grabbed a mug of seaweed soup and joined her.

"Hello," she mumbled, her mouth full. "How'd you get to the cafeteria? Not that I didn't expect you to. The cafeteria's a great institution, you know."

Sam punched the keys on the shell-register just for fun and spilled hot soup down Carrie's neck. Carrie seemed to be accustomed to it and didn't squirm much.

Cafeteria

Director.....Mrs. D. M. Davis

Assistant Director.....Mrs. D. R. Chambers

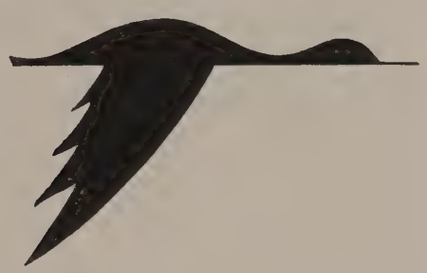
Business Administrators.....Mr. Burmahln, Mr. Isley

She led him outdoors and they sat on the front steps, where she promptly fell asleep.

It had been years since Sam had been this far up in his world. His old Aspirations had returned. With a spasmodic heaving of his fins, he reached the surface of the ocean. He missed the green foliage that he had seen on his previous trip, but the sky was still the same, and the silver gull sailed serenely above the waves. Sam gazed, enraptured. The gull was coming closer, and Sam's gills beat rapidly. His moment had arrived.

The gull swept through the air—and disappeared. Sam didn't care. With a supreme effort, he leaped out of the water, beating his fins. Now his Aspirations were realized. Sam was soaring like the gull. With a proud chuckle, he dived home to tell Carrie.

Sam was a Sucker.



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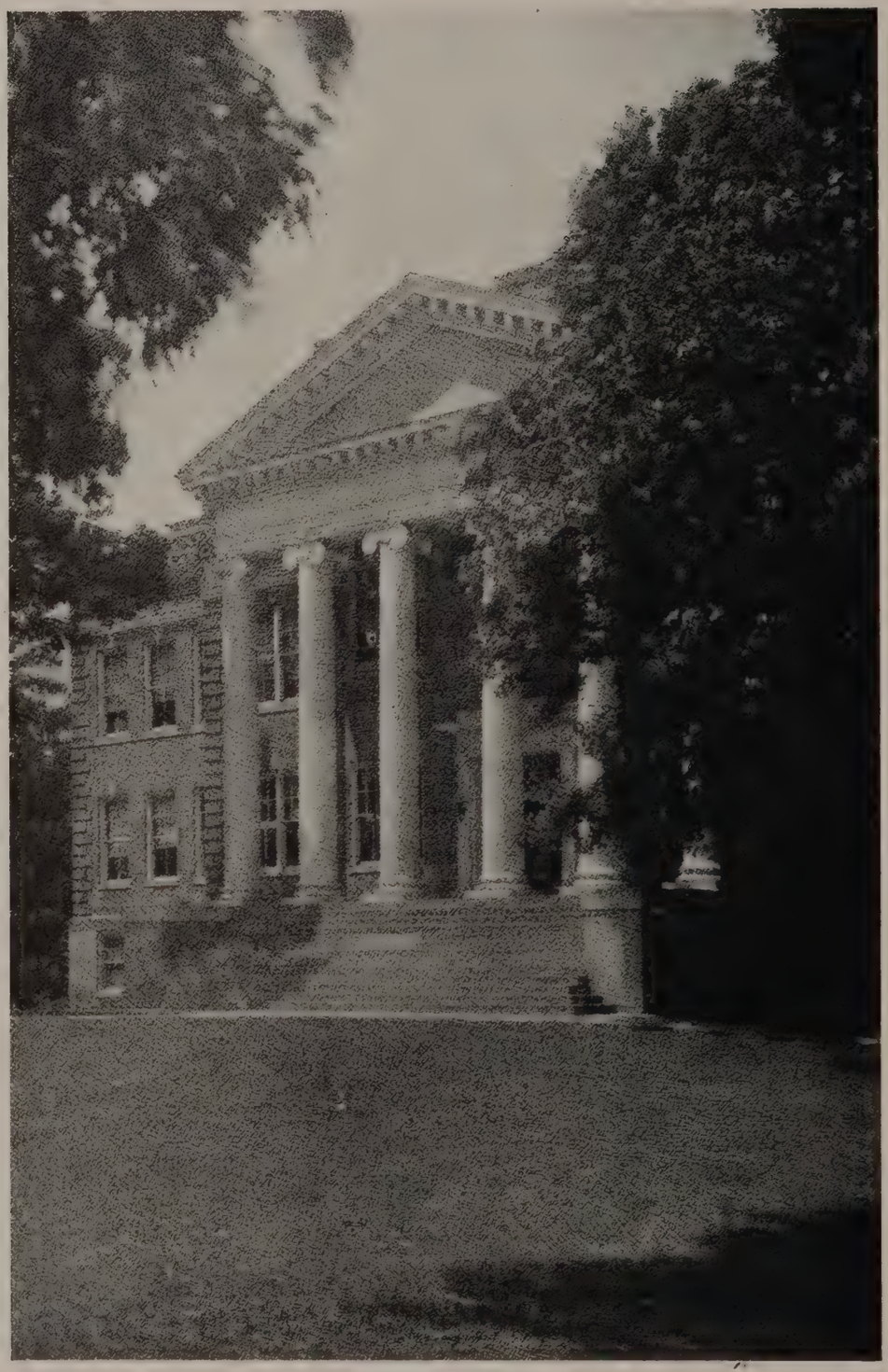

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Estelle Agee
Chesseria Alvis
Garnett Anderson
Charles Beard
Charles Boyd
Frances Bullock
Anne Campbell
Ann Craddock
Dolores Cullen
Mark Dooley
Katherine Field
Willie Hodges
Hilda Jacobs
John Kersey
Irma Madren
Cornelia Rogers
Margaret Rogers
Edna Mae Ruby
Agnes Stone
Frances Utley
George Utley
Harriet Watts
Ethel Waugh
Patsy Western
Edith White

Girls' Glee Club

Janice Campbell
President
Margree Hancock,
Vice President
Harriet Watts,
Secretary-Treasurer
Helen Worsham,
Historian
Georgia Pugh
Louise Watts
Eleanor Jordan
Thelma McDaniel
Evelyn Maddox
Virginia Overstreet
Estelle Agee
Hazel Younger
Frances Wright
Chesseria Alvis
Mary Conner
Edith White
Helen Callahan
Love Jacobs
Helen Worsham
Margaret Stinson
Ethel McNutt
Helen Fulks
Helen Godsey
Hazel Gottschall
Sarah Lawson
Margree Hancock
Mary Mason
Frances Agee
Katherine Almond
Hazel Smith
Pauline McCraw
Phyllis Hight
Irma Madren
Mildred Currier
Harriet Watts
Janice Campbell
Madeline Hicks
Eleanor Burkholder
Helen Wood
Irma Haley
Margie Martin
Catherine Rosser
Gillette Gossom

Commercial Club

Fall 1934-35
Doris Harlowe,
President
Martha Thompson,
Vice President
Catherine Hanel,
Secretary
John Kersey,
Treasurer
Rachel Bailey
Carlton Bentley
W. L. Berry
John Blum
Septimus Booth
Rachel Bradley
Wilma Burton
Beatrice Campbell
Dorothy Carroll
Sybel Cheatham
Louise Crank
Margaret Davis
Thelma Ewers
Alfred Goldstein
Catherine Hanel
Doris Harlowe
Mary Ellen Harris
Alice Herncall
Louise Holland
John Kersey
Louise Kirby
Ilene Maddox
Lillian Madison
Mildred Madison
Louise Mantiply
Evelyn Martin
Tom Mason
Belva McBride
Lucille McCraw
Louise Nixon
Cornelia Rogers
Margaret Rogers
John Rush
Dorothy Scott
James Smith
Ruby Staples
Montye Swisher
Helen Toler
Evelyn Tolley
Elnora Thompson
Martha Thompson
Shirley Thompson
Louise Tucker
Virginia Wallace
Virginia Weekley
Martha Whitmore
Mildred Wilkerson
Virginia Wood
Pat Woody
Wyatt Woody
Robert Worley
Eugene Wright

Band

Maurice McCarthy,
Willard Anderson,
Bernard Calvert,
Danny Shultz,
Bill Stevenson,
Saxophones
Walker Sydnor,
Lloyd Anderson,
Altos
Thomas Mason,
Carl Peters,
Basses
Steve Thornhill,
Buck Hook,
Drums
Eleanor Jordan,
Drum Major
Malcolm Sydnor,
Carl Grubbs,
Edwin Hensley,
David Hillsman,
Clarinets
Meade Smith,
Homer Anderson, Jr.,
S. W. West, Jr.,
Trombones
Addison Marsh,
Baritone
Fred Corstaphney,
Ernest Scott,
Preston Patterson,
Sam Perkins,
Macy Rosenthal,
Ed Spencer,
Cornets
W. L. Frederick,
Director

Orchestra

Fred Corstaphney,
Cornet
Tom Mason,
Bass
Agnes Stone,
Dolores Cullen,
Doris Chenault,
Piano
Jean Ward,
Cello
Spencer Hughes,
Anita Cochran,
Harriet Watts,
Katherine Hicks,
Edwin Hensley,
Newton Shearer,
Kathryn Peters,
Margaret Davis,
Violins
Addison Marsh,
Baritone
Carl Grubbs,
Clarinet
Bill Stevenson,
Tenor Saxophone
Maurice McCarthy,
Saxophone
Walker Sydnor,
Lloyd Anderson,
Altos

Tennis Team

Hugh Gantt
Alden Dunnington
Lou Saxton
Gordon Dunnington
Charles Beard
Frank Ottinger

Student Advisory Council

Fall 1934
Nancy Craighill,
President
Paul Woodson,
Vice President
Margaret Wood,
Secretary
Craighill Cousins
Annie Bell Martin
Richard Hammerstrom
Margaret Wood
Carlton Bentley
Virginia Weekley
Paul Woodson
Nancy Craighill
Alfred Pleasants
Alice Herncall
Alcidas Marcotte
Marguerite Finch
Simon Hiller
Gertrude Kern
Rufus Mehaffey
Rachel Bradley
Mark Dooley
Harriet Crabtree
Basil Costas
Chesseria Alvis
Kenneth Madren
Marion Page
Jerry Thomas
Harriett Walters
S. W. West, Jr.
Peggy Woodson
Phil Crute
Nan Copley
C. T. Holbrook
Virginia Chipley
Simon Alper
Page Loyd
Sam Smith
Elizabeth Hudson
Bert Shewel
Ann Fitzgerald
Lee Sadler
Jeanne Blunt
Walker Sydnor
Nan Diuguid
W. L. Berry
Mildred Madison
John Owen
Eleanor Kash
Spring 1935
Nancy Craighill,
President
Richard Hammerstrom,
Vice President
Eunice Martin,
Secretary
William Davis
Eunice Martin
George Hughes
Margaret Ripley
Richard Hammerstrom
Nancy Craighill
Rachel Bradley
Rufus Mehaffey
Jerry Thomas
Katherine Spruce
Jack Younger
Janice Campbell
Bernard Callaham
Maxine Barrett
Phil Crute
Nan Copley
Tom Faulkner
Lucy Staples
Ed Galloway
Bob Hinnant
Betty Gorman
C. T. Holbrook
Norvell Nicholas
David Hillsman
Leighton Acree
Wister Taylor
Frayser Ferrell
Herman Arthur
Katherine Glass
Coy Denton
Frances Wright
W. L. Berry
Mildred Madison
Harrison McGill
Mildred McKinney
Richard Trevillian
Eleanor Kash
Homer Anderson
Frances Alvis
Simon Alper
Page Loyd
Virginia Dawson
Earl Shepherd

Autographs

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